

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S  
WEEKLY**

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NOVEMBER 25, 1953.



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KNOCK AND WAIT

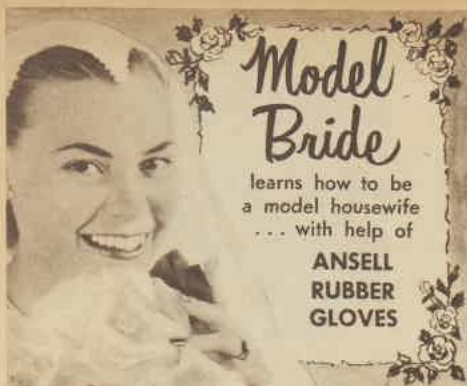


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Special feature **OUTDOOR LIVING** and **BARBECUE COOKING**—See page 45





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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 25, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 26

## A REAL MERRY CHRISTMAS

FOR millions of people in Britain this year's Christmas dinner will be the best for 14 years.

*It will be an almost unrationed festive spread and will bring with it the prospect of even better things to come.*

Causes of this happy state of affairs are the general improvement in food supplies and the recent announcement by the British Government that rationing of meat, bacon, and fats, the only foods still controlled, will end next year.

Since January, 1940, the ration book has been the symbol of a very-well-run and necessary institution, but when its long career finishes in 1954 it will be "unwept, unlearned, and unused."

For 14 years British housewives have been slaves to rationing.

They could not be blamed if they celebrated their freedom next year with a public burning of their ration books.

Australians with relatives and friends at "home" are also welcoming the easing of the food situation there.

Those essential but extremely uninteresting food parcels are gradually becoming a thing of the past.

Already for this Christmas many people have been letting their heads go with more exciting gifts.

A kangaroo-skin bag, for instance, makes a nice change from tins of dripping, sugar, and meat for all concerned.

The new unrationed era promises to be a morale-lifter in both countries.

## Our cover:

When boy meets girl — at school — the outcome isn't always as Hollywood and romantic novelists would have it. After all, you can't expect a bloke to resist the temptation to undo a hair-ribbon on a pig-tail; or, for that matter, to know that the weaker sex sometimes can pack a wallop that the bantamweight champion of the world might envy. Staff artist Boothroyd drew the cover.

## This week:

On page 15 is Anne Matheson's fascinating and detailed description of the arrangements on board the Gothic to make the Queen's sea voyage a restful holiday before her strenuous tour. Famous holiday-dresser Mr. Henry Joerin, who will accompany the Queen in the liner Gothic to Australia on the Royal tour, is highly organised to help Her Majesty solve the problem of finding enough time for a hair-do during her travels. Anne says. Mr. Joerin is bringing with him five of the latest portable driers, each one of a different voltage, so that he can plug in to the electric current wherever he needs it on the long tour.

## Next week:

It will be from the island of Jamaica in the British West Indies that Her Majesty will be embarking in the Gothic for her realms in the Pacific. Next week we will have some glorious color pictures of Jamaica, which nature made as a true tropic paradise. The Queen and the Duke will be seeing at first-hand many of the scenes we are reproducing.

It's a wise cook and housekeeper who plans well ahead for Christmas, which is about to come up with its usual whirling rush. To help you have everything in readiness on the food front over the end-of-year holiday season, our cookery experts have prepared a seven-page section for next week's paper. Three of the pages are in color, and all the illustrations will be of great assistance in giving you ideas for the presentation of the meals.

## Adventure with Marco Polo and under the sea

Book review by  
**AINSLIE BAKER**

EDISON MARSHALL is an author who has often displayed the ability to write in technicolor, achieving a more-vivid-than-life quality.

For proof of his success there is no need to look further than the best-selling record of three previous novels—"The Infinite Woman," "Gypsy Sixpence," and "Castle in the Swamp."

But never has Marshall's undoubted flair for incident and color had such scope as is provided by his newest and most ambitious novel, "Caravan to Xanadu," the central character of which is the great Venetian traveller of the 13th century, Marco Polo.

We meet Marco Polo first, "of ripe years and pleasant fortunes," in audience with the Doge of Venice, who assures him, "Even now, your brow is high and noble, your eyes are sparkling with the zest of life, your nose is long and strong and fit to follow through the world, your mouth at once delicate and firm."

In answer to the Doge's request, Marco Polo agrees to rewrite his youthful adventures, this time "to be circulated among the nobility, the gentry, and others of equal education and imagination."

The resulting narrative has all the exotic richness and turbulent color of the times. With Marco Polo and his caravan we travel through distant and strange lands, arriving at last, and after many adventures, at the court of the great Kubla Khan himself.

Love, treachery, and intrigue spice this unusual and romantic tale.

Our copy from the publishers, Shakespeare Head.

FOLLOWING the publication within the last year of so many excellent non-fiction undersea adventure stories, it seemed certain that some enterprising author would use the strange and beautiful underwater world as a background for a work of fiction.

A story for boys, John Scott Douglas' "The Secret of the Undersea Bell," is the first of what promises to be a cycle of quasi-scientific undersea adventure stories.

The tragic death of both parents leaves young Ronnie Nordhoff responsible for the support of his younger brother and sister, and he becomes a diver for abalone shell-fish on the undersea ledges off the coast of California.

But all is not well at the diving grounds, and the tolling of a mysterious underwater bell is heard as a background to villainy, severed life-lines, and narrow escapes from death.

Before the strange tolling is explained, readers share with Ronnie fierce storms, attacks by killer-whales, octopuses, and sea-lions, and the crippling pressure-squeezes of the depths.

The underwater crevasses and kelp jungles, the abalone boats, and the fishermen's camps supply exciting and different background color.

Christmas is near enough to keep in mind "The Secrets of the Underwater Bell" for the boys—and the girls, too—of the family.

Our copy from the publishers, Shakespeare Head.

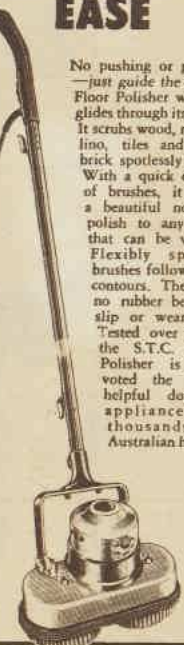
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MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 195C, G.P.O.  
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# The Frightened Wife

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Instalment two of an intriguing three-part mystery serial.

WHEN a strange girl bursts into his private office, young lawyer WADE FORSYTHE is staggered to learn that she is Anne, sister of his former classmate, BILL BLAKE, now married to WILFRED COLLIER, whom he knew in the Army as a drunken bully.

Unknown to her husband, Anne has been writing radio scripts to earn money for her small son, BILLY, whom she has sent away to the care of her aunt. She has arranged for her agent, MARTHA SIMMONS, to deposit her earnings in the bank under the name of Jessica Blake, and now wants to make a will ensuring that her money will go to Billy.

The following evening, Forsythe is summoned to Anne's apartment home, where the caretaker, HELLINGER, shows him a wire which had been stretched across the stairs causing both Anne and JAMISON, a top floor tenant who came running to her aid, to fall badly. He becomes involved in a fight with Collier, and subsequently goes with the whole story to DETECTIVE CLOSE, who promises to keep an eye on Collier.

Next morning, Forsythe is horrified to see a newspaper announcement that Anne Collier has shot her husband dead and tried to shoot herself. NOW READ ON:

SCARCELY able to believe his eyes, Forsythe had to read the paragraph twice before it really registered. The story was short. According to the paper, a man named Jamison, in the apartment above, had heard Fred Collier shouting at his wife, and a moment later had heard two shots.

Jamison, however, had been badly crippled by a fall a day or so before, and it was thus some time before he managed to get down the stairs and notify the superintendent, Michael Hellinger.

It was Hellinger who discovered the tragedy. A doctor, called immediately, said that Collier had been shot in the back of the head and died immediately. The attempt at suicide on the part of the wife, however, had failed. She had been taken to a hospital, where she was under police guard.

She was still unconscious and had made no statement.

Forsythe was stunned. Not Anne. Not Bill Blake's little sister Anne. It wasn't possible. The police were crazy. Collier had tried to kill her, and then had killed himself. He got up quickly and hurried out of the house.

By nine o'clock he was at the hospital. There he met the usual obstruction, but a ten-dollar bill and a friendly orderly got him at last to the floor where Anne had been taken. There were two men outside the door of her room. A weary-looking officer in uniform was sitting in a chair, and a middle-aged detective was standing beside him. It was a moment before Forsythe recognised Close.

In his anger he was about to confront the detective, but as he approached, a doctor in a long white coat came out, closing the door behind him, and Close halted him.

"How about it?" he said. "Going to live?"

"She's still in shock," he said. "If it means anything to you, she's got a penetrating wound in the left shoulder above the clavicle, but she missed both the subclavian artery and vein."

"Put in plain language, that means she's going to live?"

"Probably. Who knows?"

Then Close saw Forsythe and grinned. "If this is your girl friend, you sort of got it in reverse, didn't you?" he said. "She killed him, all right. Open-and-shut case. Maybe she can prove self-defence, but I doubt it. It looks pretty deliberate. Not that he's any loss," he added.

"What do you mean, open and shut?" Forsythe said indignantly. "Anybody see her do it?"

"Nothing to it. Gun beside her on the floor, and her husband dead ten feet away!"

"No chance he did it, then?"

"Not with a bullet from a thirty-eight in the back of his head, son. He never knew what hit him."

The doctor, looking interested, was standing by. Forsythe appealed to him.

"Just what are her chances?" he asked.

"We've operated. That's about all I can tell you. But apparently she struck her head on an iron door stop when she fell. Seems to have considerable concussion."

He moved away, stethoscope trailing from the pocket of his coat, and the officer in uniform got up stiffly, said he was going to the men's room, and left. Forsythe found himself alone with Close, who seemed rather amused.

"Never know what a woman will do, do you?" he observed. "Looks like a nice girl, too. If she lives she can probably plead self-defence."

Forsythe's hands shook as he took a cigarette and lit it. "I don't believe it," he said stubbornly. "She would never do a thing like this. Never. Is she conscious?"

"You heard the doc. She's had a concussion, she's had an anaesthetic, and she's probably full of dope. Also she's a mighty sick girl, Forsythe. And maybe that's not a bad thing."

Forsythe knew what he meant. He felt a cold anger sweep over him.

"Just remember something, Close," he said. "I came to you with this story two or three days

To page 56

Miss Warrington stored tensely ahead. "Are you trying to tell me Anne's dying?" she asked.



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BY

John D. Jones



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# Afternoon in the Sun

By PEGGY TOMLINSON

**W**HEN the prize-giving was over and the quite sumptuous tea, the parents began to drift away, mostly taking their daughters with them.

Since it was the half-term weekend, in an hour or so the school would be almost empty, its corridors filled only with long, dusty beams from the late afternoon sun, an unnatural silence hanging over classroom and stair.

Valerie asked Miss Turk, the headmistress, if it would be all right for her to wander round the grounds for a little. It was so long since she had been here and she didn't know when she would be able to come down again.

Miss Turk, a thin, pale, nondescript woman, a shocking anti-climax after the Dreadnought (but, then, who wouldn't be?), looked a trifle disconcerted, but said bravely that of course Miss Dean could go wherever she wished. She would be so happy to ask Miss Dean to stay to supper, but the servants had had a heavy day, and she didn't quite think.

Valerie, who knew perfectly well that Miss Turk was just aching to shut her study door and put her weary feet up and forget all about the existence of parents, staff, pupils, and celebrated Old Girls, said, "Oh, please! I mustn't stay as long as that, you know! I have to be at the theatre by seven."

Miss Turk's unmemorable face struggled between politeness and relief. "And I'll say goodbye to you now," Valerie added, "and thank you for my most delightful afternoon, because I'm sure you must have heaps to do and you won't want to wait about to speed the parting guests. Then I'll just slip away quietly as soon as I've seen all I want to."

It was a little like being a ghost, she thought, as she stepped out of the empty Sixth Form classroom into the wine-clear sunlight of the terrace, coming back like this to one's old school after a gap of nearly fifteen years.

The place, once dear and familiar as one's own home, didn't belong to one any more. It belonged to its present occupants, those rows on rows of faces above white silk Speech Day dresses which had stared up at her, goggle-eyed with heroine-worship, as she spoke to them from the platform this afternoon.

How ridiculous this is, she had thought, as her trained, exquisite voice held them spellbound (she had made up her speech in her bath this morning and learnt it by heart in the car coming down). It can't be me going to present all those prizes—the fat, leather-bound books, the silver cups, the red-ribboned Certificates of Merit. I ought to be down there, sitting in sack-like white silk between Mother and Father, waiting to be given the Elocution Prize; while up here on the platform, no matter how distinguished a collection of big-wigs had been rounded up for the occasion, the Dreadnought, without even trying, would be dominating the lot.

The Dreadnought . . . At tea today, that idiot Joan Fel-lows—Head Girl in Valerie's last year and now, just as one might have expected, a fat, self-satisfied matron with

a daughter as boring as herself—had come bouncing up to her.

"Valerie, dear! How wonderful to see you! And to think you're so famous! It's made me quite cocky to think I was at school with one of our most celebrated actresses! Isn't it sad that the poor darling old Dreadnought couldn't be here to see your triumph? She was always so fond of you—although I'm sure the poor old pet believed that none of the rest of us saw through her little preferences! You and Marjorie Mathieson—how well I remember!—the apples of her eye . . ."

Valerie had retorted coldly, "She knew all our faults. We were only made monitors in our last year by the skin of our teeth."

"Ah, I know! But I think she loved you more for your faults than she loved the rest of us for our virtues!"

Joan, conscious of virtue, had smirked from under a depressing hat. "You were both so distinctive! And now both, in your different ways, so successful! I'm sure," her face had lengthened suitably, "if the dear old Dreadnought is able to look down on us from above, the sight of you two must make her very happy . . ."

Remembering, Valerie pulled her face into a wickedly faithful imitation of Joan's pious expression. Fat hypocrite . . . She went down the terrace steps to the lawn beyond. Successful, were they? She thought of Marjorie, her one great friend, now running a mission hospital in West Africa, fighting diseases that were always one jump ahead of the doctor, battling ceaselessly against ignorance and obstinacy and superstition and dirt.

Yet, in spite of it all, she had made progress. Every patient healed, every mind educated to simple hygiene, every superstition uprooted by common sense . . . represented a triumph. Yes, Marjorie was being successful all right.

But Valerie . . . ?

She reached the edge of the lawn where the shrubbery began, and, in front, the ground fell away sharply to the river. It would be messy down there after all the rain they'd had this summer, and she was wearing delicate, high-heeled town shoes. She had better take the path to the right and climb the narrow, gravelly track to the crumbling Temple.

There were ways and ways of looking at success. From the career point of view she had certainly done well. Two invaluable seasons of repertory

after she finished at the drama school, and then discovery by a talent-seeking producer, and the West End, and her name in lights. Film offers. Marriage to the well-known playwright Robert Marshall.

Marriage to Robert Marshall . . . Valerie reached the gravelly track and began to climb.

Last evening, while she was having her usual pre-theatre snack in the dining-room, Robert had come in looking for a book. (Books overflowed from all the rooms in the flat—there were even a few behind damp-proof glass in the bathroom.)

He had stood by the bookcase, turning over pages, frowning absently; and then suddenly, in the tone of someone who had just remembered an unsettled but quite unimportant question, he'd asked:

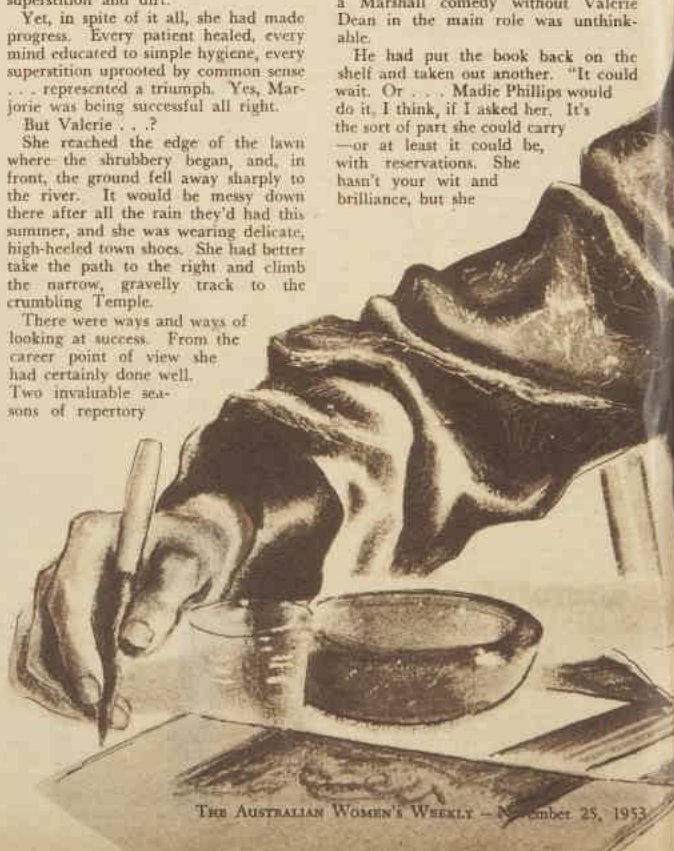
"By the way, have you made up your mind what you're going to do about that offer from the Atlantis people?"

He hadn't even looked up. He might have been asking her what she had decided to do about getting the study curtains rehined. Valerie had waited a moment or two before replying, to get a matching note of indifference into her own voice.

"Not absolutely. It's a big step. Two years. Of course it would be fun in lots of ways and an experience, but . . . I don't know. And then there's that new play you were talking about. There'll be a part in it for me."

Her tone had stated a fact. There always was a part for her in Robert's plays. He and she were one of London's greatest theatrical partnerships; a Marshall comedy without Valerie Dean in the main role was unthinkable.

He had put the book back on the shelf and taken out another. "It could wait. Or . . . Madie Phillips would do it, I think, if I asked her. It's the sort of part she could carry—or at least it could be, with reservations. She hasn't your wit and brilliance, but she



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 25, 1953



**Valerie knew "it takes two to make a quarrel,"  
but it needs only one with courage to end it.**

has certainly got the human touch."

Valerie had sat with a brown-bread sandwich midway between the plate and her mouth.

"You don't think that'll upset the box-office?"

"I don't see why it should. I know you and I are a sort of institution, but it never hurts the public to have to consider a new idea. You don't want to let a lot of side issues affect your judgment about this American contract, Valerie. After all, it's your life."

It's your life. Valerie walked restlessly about the empty, dilapidated Temple, wondered if he could possibly have chosen to say anything which showed more clearly what had happened to their marriage.

It wasn't "our" life any more—it was "yours" and "mine." Each so painstakingly considerate for the other; far more considerate than two people passionately, demanding in love would have been. She didn't want Robert to tell her to do as she liked, that it was her life and he would make his own arrangements. She wanted him . . .

She wanted him to be as he had been when she first married him. Possessive, dictatorial, overwhelming. If, in those early days, she had announced that a Hollywood film company had offered her a two-year contract, he would have gone up in smoke.

He would have stormed and raved, demanding what she thought he was going to do without her, what half-witted woman did she suggest to take her place and ruin his plays, or did she imagine he was going to tag meekly after her to Hollywood and twiddle his thumbs all day in an over-furnished Beverly Hills palace while she let her technique be ruined by some money-mad director who knew less about act-

ing than he knew about the man in the moon?

Oh, there'd have been a fine old row. And after she'd fought back for a bit for the sake of her self-respect, Valerie would cheerfully have told the Hollywood moguls that they could whistle for her. If Robert needed her, if Robert felt that no one could play the parts he wrote for her as she did, then Hollywood and its allurements might wait for ever.

She spread a handkerchief on one of the fallen lumps of masonry which had served as seats in the Temple ever since it began to go to ruin, and sat down. It was warm and peaceful.

This crumbling, eighteenth-century summer-house had been a favorite retreat of hers when she was at school. The other girls, for some imbecile reason, had thought it was "spooky"; even Marjorie had preferred to sit somewhere else. But Valerie had loved it. She would stay there for hours, thinking and talking out aloud to herself and rehearsing imaginary plays.

Nowadays, she and Robert never had those grand, air-clearing quarrels.

They were polite to each other. Polite . . . Valerie's mouth twisted, remembering some of the things they'd said to each other in their early rows. But it hadn't mattered. What was out

couldn't fester inside you, turning bad your whole view of each other; which was what had happened to them after she had lost the baby.

They had both wanted a baby so terribly. But the doctor had said "No more" with a finality that neither of them had dared to question. And then, instead of comforting each other—for who else could?—or fighting out the question of whether they should adopt a family, they had gone on being brave, not talking about it, each pretending for the other's benefit that the world was gay.

It hadn't worked, of course. There began to be lots of little things which Valerie didn't tell Robert, and things, too, which presumably Robert didn't tell Valerie. Omissions mostly not important in themselves but adding up to a total which meant the end of that loving intimacy, that oneness, which had underlined even the most tiresome moments of life with a secret gold.

Until now, when he didn't care if she went away from him for two years . . .

And he was willing to write a play for Madie Phillips. Madie Phillips

To page 40

*She leant against the door  
and looked at her husband.  
"I've made up my mind about  
this Hollywood offer," she said.*

ILLUSTRATED BY  
T. MEDHURST



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# Love letter true

A short short story by MAUREEN LUSON

**D**ILYS, her eyes wide and dark with dreams, bent her red-gold head over the desk while her pen raced over the paper.

Darling Curly,

Last night was the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to me. I met you face to face, and my hand touched yours!

You see, I've been hopelessly in love with you for years and years—well, it seems like years—though really it's only two months and two weeks and five days.

You don't know I call you "Curly." It's my own special private little name for you.

Your hair isn't exactly curly, of course; I wouldn't like that. But the piece in front that will fall over your forehead when you're playing tennis or galloping like mad, it's—well—it definitely does curl.

I wish we could have danced together last night. But you couldn't leave your party, could you? Even if you'd wanted to. Did you want to, darling? It wasn't a very inspiring party—all dull old boys from your father's firm and their wives, and one stodgy daughter.

Each time you danced with her, I pretended it was me you were holding; and my face wouldn't have looked pudding-like like hers, darling; I'd have smiled up at you all the time. You're so tall that, though I'm five foot five in bare feet, you make me feel very small and slim.

I don't think you were aware of my existence until last night.

The very first time I ever saw you, you'd just fallen off Saracen; I was a bit farther along the track with Merry. I heard Saracen coming—I'd know his gallop anywhere and I peeped through the scrub to see who the mug was.

You see, the mugs always ask for Saracen, he's such a fine-looking old fellow. What they don't know is that Saracen's one of the laziest

horses that ever trotted, and his one idea is to get back to his paddock.

He's no fool, either, and his stock dodge is to edge nearer and nearer the side of the track until he gets to the bend where the branches are nicely low enough to sweep an unwary rider off his back.

Well, that day I heard Saracen puffing along. And just as you reached the bend there was a thud, and there you were, very muddy and awfully angry, on the ground.

"You old rocking-horse," you said to Saracen. "You won't put that one over on me again!"

Saracen lifted his head and looked at you with pitying surprise, and you burst out laughing and said: "Come on and we'll see if that's the only trick you've got in the bag!"

And that was when I fell in love with you; the mugs get into frightful rages and lead Saracen home and demand another horse.

Each time I went up to the riding-school after that, I noticed you had Saracen out, and I just exulted in the chastened, long-suffering air the old horse assumed.

Then I heard that you were Jimmy Brandon and that your folks had taken 64 Marlborough Avenue, only two streets away from us. All the other girls were as pleased as anything because they've just been existing for a new male to arrive in the suburb.

When you joined the tennis club, I watched you playing every weekend. I don't think you had the faintest idea that a—well—passably pretty girl watched every stroke you hit and willed you to win.

I never played with you because you're much too good, and you played mostly with men.

You didn't come to any of the local dances, and the other girls began saying you were snooty and standoffish; but I understood, darling. Daddy had met your father at

a business dinner—and they got quite friendly.

I hadn't said a word to Daddy—I may have mentioned quite casually about the other girls saying you were snooty—anyway Daddy said he'd bring you into the conversation one evening. He did, and your father told him all about how you'd been pretty badly let down by that Other Girl in the country town where you used to live.

I didn't let on to the other girls because I thought they might throw a heavy line in consolation, and I wanted to be the one who did the consoling—if any.

I just went on loving you and calling you "Curly" to myself and knowing that one day we'd meet quite in the course of events.

For days before last night I was all keyed up with anticipation, because your father had taken twelve tickets for the Hospital Ball, so I was certain you'd be there. And as Daddy and your father knew each other, it was almost bound to happen that we'd meet at last.

Then the heavenly, terrifying, exhilarating moment came.

Daddy said: "Hallo, Brandon. Good show, isn't it? This is my little girl, Dily's."

Your father said: "I've heard a lot about you, my dear. Let me introduce my son, Jimmy."

And you said: "NICE TO KNOW YOU, DILYS." I've written the words in capitals, because that's how they're printed on my heart.

I don't know what I said; I only know that about fifteen minutes later, while I was dancing with Phil, he asked me whether I wasn't feeling too good as I had a sort of dopey look.

But your father met Daddy again in the bar, and he confided how he thought you should get to know some bright young people to take your mind off the Other Girl, so Daddy said that was fine and he'd get me to ask you to one of our Saturdays.

Every other Saturday a crowd of us get together to listen to our favorite records, and Mummy turns on coffee and eats, and sometimes we dance on the verandah.

So please, darlinest Curly, will you come next Saturday? And I do hope you'll soon forget the Other Girl, because here's one who'd never, never let you down.

Maybe, after Saturday, you'll ask me for a date—just out of politeness, of course. And the first time we go out alone together, darling, will be so utterly marvellous and atomic that I daren't even start imagining it!

Your very, very loving

Dilly.

Dily's wrote the "Dilly" in a long scrawl that resolved itself into lines of kisses. She threw down the pen and re-read the letter three times.

"Come on," said Jimmy to Saracen, "I'll see if that's the only trick you know."



"The day Saracen tossed you was the day I fell in love with you," wrote Dilly to Jimmy.

Then she folded it up and flung it into the fire.

When it was reduced to black ashes she went to the telephone and dialled a number. Her voice was soft but quite level as she spoke:

"Hallo? Could I speak to Jimmy, please? Oh, is that you, Jimmy? ... Dily's White here. ... Yes, last night. ... Look, we're having a jive session on Saturday. Would you like to come over? ... That's fine! ... Oh, nothing formal. ... Oh, about eightish. ... Good, see you then. Bye, Jimmy."

Sunday morning: October 11.

"Hallo? ... Oh, hallo, Jimmy! ... So glad you enjoyed it. ... This afternoon. ... Oh, I don't know, really. ... Well, perhaps I could make it. ... To the hills? ... About two. Thanks, Jimmy. Bye."

Saturday afternoon: October 17.

Gemtree Riding School Appointment Book.

Out: 2 p.m., Saracen, Mr. J. Brandon. In: 4 p.m. Out: 2 p.m., Merry, Miss D. White. In: 4 p.m.

Saturday morning: October 24.

Marlborough Tennis Club: Spring Tournament.

Mixed Doubles: 11.30 a.m.: Court 2, J. Brandon and Miss D. White v. S. H. Glade and Mrs. Glade.

Wednesday morning, October 28.

Extract from the women's page of the Daily Trump.

"... Aqua organza made the ballerina frock worn by Dily's White at the Soft Lights Club last night. She was with Jimmy Brandon."

Friday morning: October 30.

The Melbourne Mercury: Engagements.

"WHITE-BRANDON.—The engagement is announced of Dily's, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George White, 23 Blenheim Crescent, South Ivanberg, to James, only son of Mr. James G. and the late Mrs. Brandon, of 64 Marlborough Avenue, South Ivanberg."

Saturday afternoon: October 31.

Gemtree Riding School Appointment Book.

Out: 2 p.m., Saracen, Mr. J. Brandon. In: —. Out: 2 p.m., Merry, Miss D. White. In: —.

"Remember that night we first met, darling? At the Hospital Ball?" asked Jimmy, keeping a firm hold of Saracen's sagacious head as they rode along the familiar track.

"Of course, darling."

"I thought, gosh, what a lovely girl, I'd never have a chance with her! You looked so cool and poised, Dilly darling, and so terribly aloof—"

"Did I?"

"Yes. And then when you rang up the next day I was so thrilled I just stuttered like a schoolkid saying a piece!"

Dily's bent to stroke Merry's satiny neck; not even Merry could see her smile.

"I can hardly believe, even now," went on Jimmy, gazing at the whispering foliage above, "that you really love me. It's a miracle."

"Curly," smiled Dily's.

"Dilly, don't call me that!"

"Why not, darling?"

"Because Grace used to. 'Curly Boy' she used to say. Ugh!"

"Grace? The Other Girl? Oh! Oh, then I certainly won't!"

"Dilly! She—it wasn't like this, darling. Ever. You won't ever forget that, will you?"

"No, Jimmy. I won't."

"I never thought anything could be as wonderful as this. To think that I managed to persuade you, or coax you, or browbeat you into saying you'd—Dilly, we are really engaged, aren't we?"

"Yes, darling. Really. Look!" She waved her hand and the very new diamond sent tiny arcs of glitter into the filtering sunlight.

"Darling Dilly!"

"Darling Jimmy! Oh—Oh, JIMMY!"

Saracen had had his revenge. Jimmy held out his arms to his fiancée.

Merry joined Saracen in the new, young grass down by the creek.

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# MOTHER'S WORK

SUSAN WESTBROOK tore the half-written page from the typewriter, ripped it to shreds, and threw it into the wastepaper basket.

She pushed the machine to the back of the desk, shrouded it in a dark cover, gathered up a few typed sheets and carbons, and stuffed them far back into a drawer.

"There!" she said aloud. "The worm has turned! And," she added with emphasis, "about time, too."

She walked to the window of the small room that she had always fondly designated as her "study" and stood looking down at the lawn, covered with the first bright, fallen leaves of autumn.

Over the top of the oak she could glimpse the tower of the college chapel. Around it and beyond, though she could not see them, were grouped the old, ivy-covered buildings that were always photographed with such good effect for articles of historical interest written about the college. For although Kenwood was not a large institution, it had a dignity and impressiveness which age sometimes brings.

At the moment, Susan was thinking, her husband, involved in academic pursuits within its halls, would be entirely unconscious of the explosive decisions at which she had just arrived.

The tension within her, as she realised now, had been mounting slowly and steadily for a long time. This was no sudden flare of temper or passing mood of self-pity.

She really had a case against her family, built up through the years. It was the past twenty-four hours, however, that had thrown the facts into sharp relief.

Of course last night's dinner, she had to admit, had not been too good. But she had worked all the morning on the beginning of this new story that now reposed in drawer and wastepaper basket, then had frantically tidied up the house and managed to get to the shops just in time.

She had been forced to exert all her skill and ingenuity to have the dinner on the table by seven o'clock. The other members of the family had all, for one reason or another, been a trifle on edge as they sat down.

Her husband, John, whom she knew was really overworked this year, peered at the stew and dumplings on his plate and poked at them with his fork, his dark brows contracting.

"I see we have with us tonight," he began.

"The same old joint," young Jack picked up the refrain.

"Still going strong from Sunday," Sally concluded.

John passed the vegetables with a slight air of martyrdom, giving his opinion judiciously as he did so. "It is not that I mind finishing up the scraps to the last ounce, with the meat situation what it is. But I do think, Susan, that you could vary it once in a while."

"And I suppose we'll have stewed fruit afterwards," Sally said mournfully. "The Dowlands have the most delicious pudding every night."

Susan's face was troubled. "I really have been unfair lately, but tomorrow night I promise you a wonderful dinner and the most sumptuous sweet. It's Mrs. White's day to clean, so I'll have more time. This stew isn't bad, though, is it,

John? You know I've been working so hard finishing that last story. And then, yesterday, what do you think happened?"

She leaned over the table, her eyes sparkling as she smiled at each of them in turn.

"I was just coming out of the post office when, suddenly, I had the most wonderful idea for a new plot."

"Mother and her plots," Sally said pleasantly enough, but without any great show of interest.

"Boy meets girl again, I suppose?" John remarked, looking darkly again at the stew as he helped himself to another dumpling.

"Look, Mother," Jack said earnestly, "why can't we have a new car? Dad and I have found a real

beauty, second-hand—and we've got to let the garage know soon because there are heaps of other people after it. It's only two hundred and twenty-five and we'll never find another like it. Dad's quite willing to go ahead, only he says he won't until you agree. Why don't you want it? Our old bus is so battered-looking."

Susan's smile faded. She looked down at her plate. "I don't think our car is bad at all. It looks perfectly all right when it's clean and

it still runs all right. Why don't you give it a coat of paint?"

A deep groan came from Jack. "Runs all right! If that isn't a joke! The engine's giving up the ghost. Why, she won't even do forty now and a chap can't very well take a girl out in a car like that! Mother, why should you dither about it when Dad says it's O.K.?"

Susan looked steadily at John. He was a handsome man, six feet tall, still untroubled by excess weight, with distinguished features, and hair only slightly touched with grey.

He had an intellectual brow, a wide, naturally humorous mouth, and kindly if somewhat short-sighted brown eyes. He was a good man, a brilliant man, her husband—and she loved him. But as she looked at him now and he refused to meet her eyes, she knew that one dark shadow lay between

them. "Two hundred and twenty-five is a lot of money," she said slowly.

"But we'll get something back on the old car."

Sally said wistfully, "Daddy never quibbles about getting new things. He always says it's all right with him if you're willing. You're always the one who doesn't want to spend the money."

John still said nothing, apparently concentrating on his food. Susan rose abruptly and went into the kitchen, her face burning with rare anger. Never before had the children come out openly with this accusation, actually reproaching her, for being mean. And John had let them say it unchallenged! That was the bitterness of it.

She served the stewed fruit without speaking.

The children, watching her, began to realise all was not right and to show their usual warm-hearted contrition.

"I suppose there has to be one economical member in every family," Sally said, "only it's usually the father. Did you let down my black dress, Mother? I have to wear it tonight, you know."

Susan's warm cheeks cooled. The dress! She had started unpicking that hem a few days ago and then forgotten it in the rush of other work. She glanced at the clock.

"Darling, I'm so sorry. But I'll have it ready. I've got an hour before you have to go. Excuse me,

everybody. I'll do it now. Take the dishes out, will you, Sally? Mrs. White comes again tomorrow and we'll leave the washing-up for her."

She hurried upstairs, feeling a bit giddy. She hated to do things in a rush like this but had become conditioned to it through the years. She collected her materials and sat down. It was a tricky circular hem and she knew it would need careful pressing. She worked swiftly, one eye on the clock. Sally finished tidying the kitchen and came upstairs.

"Nearly finished, Mother? The others made me promise I'd be ready at half-past eight. Mother, I saw a dress in Rose's today and I'm dying to have it. It's simply lovely. I want you to come along tomorrow and see it. I've been telling Daddy about it and he says it sounds all right to him. Well, I'll go and have my bath. You think you'll be ready in time?"

"I hope so," Susan managed to say, with a pin in her mouth.

She had never worked so fast, but by the time Sally was out of the bath she had finished. She tore down to the kitchen, dragged the ironing-board out, plugged in the iron, and waited breathlessly for it to heat.

Why, oh why, had she forgotten the dress until now? This particular party meant so much to Sally and this dress was the most becoming one she had. Susan fingered the soft material, admired again the design.

As she pressed the hem carefully, Jack wandered into the kitchen.

"Mother, about this car. You're not really going to say we can't have it, are you? Gosh, I can't tell you what it would mean to me to have it."

He paused and drew his breath in quickly as though the very thought of the car moved him to his depths. "You'd like a decent-looking car yourself, wouldn't you?"

"Jack, dear, I honestly don't know what I want at the moment. I'm in such a dither over Sally's dress. Straighten the leg of the ironing-board, will you? One day it will fall to pieces. I shall have to get another. We'll talk about the car some other time. It isn't something you just buy overnight."

"But, Mother, it is. We may never find a model like that going for such a low price again. I can't see why you can't make up your mind when Dad's all for it."

There was a ring at the bell; then

By AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



John held out the roses to Susan and said, "We just want to tell you, Mother, that we really do appreciate all you've done for us."



# How could she write love stories and be the perfect housewife too?

Sally's anxious voice from the top of the stairs.

"Mother!"

"Coming, dear. It's ready. Open the door to those children, will you, Jack? I think your father's reading."

She took the dress upstairs, helped Sally into it, and finally said goodbye to the young people at the front door. She sank down in the living-room and drew a long, weary sigh. John looked up.

"I don't see why there must always be this rush and turmoil every time Sally goes out. Can't dresses be lengthened and pressed ahead of time? I nearly fell over the ironing-board just now."

"Oh, I thought Jack would attend to it. I'll put it away in a minute."

"I've put it away myself. I still think, Susan, you'd save yourself a great deal of wear and tear if you were more efficient."

"Oh, you do, do you?"

John glanced at her in surprise, for her tone was definitely sharp.

"Why, yes," he said reasonably. "I've always told you that. You leave everything till the last minute. By the way, I got a very fine letter today from a don at Cambridge about my book. One of the best I've had." He drew it reverently from his pocket.

Susan read it grimly. It was a fine letter. No wonder John was proud. She looked into his expectant eyes, noted the almost childlike pleasure on his face, thought once again how vulnerable men really were, and then crushed down the anger in her heart.

"It's a wonderful letter, John, and I'm terribly pleased for you. The book's making an impression on the very people you most wanted to reach."

"That's it," John said eagerly. "It is, of course, a book for the very few, but I think it's a success. I'm very anxious to start writing again. I thought I might do a little now, if I can find a place on that desk upstairs. It's usually so full of your stuff I'm afraid to trust a manuscript on it. Is it in a mess tonight?"

"It is extremely tidy," Susan's tone was tinged with sarcasm but it missed John.

"Good," he said. "If you don't mind, I'll go up. It seems to me there is room for a new work on the Elizabethan dramatists. Even if it doesn't sell, ah—widely—I feel it would be worth doing. There's no doubt that the Chaucer book has given me a little more prestige here at Kenwood."

"Heavens, yes," Susan agreed. "You're the only one who has published a book. They'll be saying soon, 'Our Dr. Westbrook, author of 'The Moral Significance of Chaucer,' you know.' And the students are impressed, too. So of course it's worth doing."

John looked at her fondly. "Thank you, dear. It's just the time element that is the problem and the other work that has to be done. It is hard concentrating against constant interruptions. Well, I'll make a start tonight and see how it goes."

Susan watched him go out and then, gripping her handkerchief in a tight ball and telling herself she was not going to cry, she sat there, thinking over the situation.

John, with strong masculine emphasis on both the arduousness and the literary importance of his work, would write an erudite book on the Elizabethan dramatists that would be published by the university press and probably bring to the family the munificent sum of twenty-five pounds in royalties.

The dons would invite him to

dinner and their wives would invite her to tea and everyone would flutter around him and tell him how wonderful he was. And John, in a nice way, would agree with them.

Meanwhile, she, Susan, his wife, would run the house, cook the dinners, let down the hems, and, in between, write enough short stories during the year to pay for all the luxuries the family enjoyed, plus a good many necessities besides. And all John would ever say about her work was, "Boy still meeting girl, eh?"

Even when she begged him to read her stories he made gentle but firm excuses. "Really, Sue, you know I seldom read fiction. I'm sure your stories are excellent of their kind, but I just don't care much for popular stuff."

Occasionally he had really promised to look at one. But she knew he had never done it. In fact, all through the years her writing had been treated lightly by the family in general. She realised this was partly her own fault, for she had not made much of it herself.

True, she did keep in the study cupboard the growing stack of magazines containing her stories, but it wasn't at all the same as a row of solid-looking books in the living-room bookcase.

And as for the university crowd—if the matter of her writing came up at all, they raised cultural eyebrows and remarked in a condescending tone, "Oh, it's so terribly clever of you to write saleable stories."

No one knew better than Susan herself that she was not producing immortal literature in her stories. And no one could have longed more to compose *The Great English Novel*. She had tried over and over and finally given it up. But she could write short stories—always love stories—each with a new and beguiling twist. And this she did as frequently as she could.

She thought now of the magazines upstairs. They represented steady work against every conceivable type of interruption.

They meant staying at home when other women played bridge and went to parties. They meant hurry-

ing and rushing to accomplish her housewifely tasks at odd hours.

They also meant last summer's holiday, the new rug in the living-room, Jack's wireless, the soft, beautiful dress that Sally was wearing at this moment. Why did she hesitate about buying this new car? For the simple reason that she would have to work like mad to pay for it!

And John had kept silent. Never once had he openly acknowledged her help. Never once had he told the children about the financial situation.

For one thing, his perfectly natural masculine pride had held him back from this at first. Susan had sympathised with his feelings and tried to make it as easy for him as possible.

"If we have any money," she would say, "what about getting the house painted this spring?"

"It does need it," John would agree. "I've been thinking about that."

Then, when the money came, she would tell him gaily, "Now we can

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## Continuing . . . Mother's Work

from page 9

paint the house. What do you think?"

John would ponder a moment and then announce judiciously, "I think we ought to do it. I'll look into the matter, get some estimates. We oughtn't to let it go for another year."

That was the way it was. And because John was essentially such a fine person, so kind, so dear in every other way, Susan would smile a little inner smile, kiss him, and go on with her work, happy that the house could be painted, that John could keep his pride, and that boy-meets-girl could pay the bill.

But, as time passed, there had been frequent hurts, and tonight's conversation at the table had been the sharpest of all. She sat very still, thinking it all over with what objective honesty she could muster.

There was another reason, she admitted at last, a larger one than pride, that made John seem unappreciative. In a way, the realisation took some of the sting from her wound.

Her work had developed so gradually through the years, her financial contribution to the family had become such a steady but unobtrusive part of their lives, that John simply did not think about it any more.

That was the real trouble. He, like the children, accepted and enjoyed the fruits of her labors without stopping to consider the source of them. It was just thoughtlessness, then, for which she had to blame John.

Susan gave her moist eyes a last little dab, told herself to be more patient, and remembered that she was not entirely a saint herself, and rose from the couch.

And because she was not given to playing the martyr, nothing more might ever have come of it all if it had not been for John's unlucky complaint the next morning.

They had, as a matter of fact, gone to bed quite happily. John had told her elatedly about his new outline for the Elizabethan book, then had begun to discuss the children.

Jack, it seemed, was doing very well at college and would certainly get his degree with flying colors. They discussed his future with that restrained pride that parents employ with each other in reference to their offspring.

And then they had turned to Sally. Had Susan noticed how utterly beautiful the child had become lately? Susan had.

Pride, hurt feelings, financial problems faded into thin air. They kissed each other and fell asleep in peace.

But the next morning the serpent raised its head again as John was going through his cupboard. He pulled out three shirts, none of which had its full quota of buttons.

"For weeks," he said irritably, "I've asked you to sew on these buttons. Every shirt has a button off somewhere. Is it too much to ask that once in a while you go over my shirts?"

Susan, as usual, was contrite. "I'm terribly sorry, dear. I'll do all the mending today. Here—I'll sew a button on that sleeve now."

As she rummaged in her work-basket, John remarked, "I saw a funny joke the other day. It said any man who always had torn linings and missing buttons should either get married . . . or divorced. Quite good, eh?"

Susan's face flushed scarlet as she plied her needle. She said nothing. John eyed her in surprise.

"Well, don't get in a huff. I was only being funny."

"I'm not in a huff," she said quietly. "I'm just approaching a decision."

"Well, make it a good one," he said, "and please include a little attention to your husband's clothes now and then. I asked you last week to send my grey suit to the cleaners."

During breakfast Susan had tried to appear normal, but there was an unaccustomed firmness to the set of her lips and in her voice.

She had seen her family off as usual, wishing them good luck for the day, reminding Sally of her music lesson and Jack of his appointment with the dentist, assuring John that she would take his grey suit to the cleaners. Then she had come up to her study, snatched the half-written page from the typewriter, and made her declaration of independence.

Now, having made it the stolid looking out of the window at the golden autumn day, allowing a new and strange feeling of relief to overtake her. "Why, I'm a free woman!" she exclaimed with delight. As though to put her to the test, the telephone on the desk rang sharply.

Susan picked up the receiver, for once with no sense of interruption. It was Maud Corby, her best friend.

"As you know, hope springs eternal," the hearty voice was saying. "I'm having a bridge lunch tomorrow and one female has failed me. I suppose you couldn't by any chance come?"

Susan could hardly believe her own ears as she heard herself replying, "Oh, Maud, I'd adore to! I'm as free as air tomorrow."

"Listen, Susie, don't give me too big a shock all at once. Everybody but me has given up even asking you, let alone expecting a favorable answer. What's happened?"

"I've stopped writing. I'm going to enjoy myself. Just made the grand decision now and it's heavenly!"

There was a brief silence. Maud was not a professor's wife, and not being committed too heavily to culture had always told Susan that she considered her a very clever girl and only wished she could turn an honest penny in the same manner.

"I smell," she remarked now, "a small rodent. But I'm all for the freedom and I'm simply thrilled you'll come. One o'clock sharp."

Susan started on her day's duties, wearing a broad smile. It was wonderful to be like other women, to accept an invitation to a gathering other than a college tea-party. She was going to love it.

Luckily she had a new autumn hat. She would wear her red suit and borrow Sally's frilly blouse.

Today she would make a chocolate cake, put away summer clothes, and perhaps drive over to Riverton in the afternoon to do some shopping. Time now for everything.

That night, dinner was above all reproach. It was just after the superb sweet had been served that Susan made her announcement.

"I've something to tell you," she began brightly. "Today I came to a decision. I'm going to stop writing stories. I'm going to be an efficient housewife."

John looked across at her admiringly. "That sounds a good idea."

"Lovely," Sally echoed. "I, for one, approve. This pudding is simply out of this world."

"Agreed!" said Jack. "Can I have some more? Just you go on giving us meals like this, and your boarders won't complain. By the way, what about the car? Have you thought any more about it?"

"Yes," said Susan slowly. "I have. If your father wants it and feels he can afford it, it's certainly all right with me."

A shout rose from Jack. He even stood up, waving his table napkin above his head, while Sally returned the salute.

"Hurrah! I knew you'd come

around. Mother. Gosh. I'm glad! Let's ring the garage first thing in the morning. Dad. And, honestly, it's not expensive. It's dirt cheap when you remember that we'll get something for the old barrow . . . What about it, Dad?"

John's face was a study. It had suddenly changed color and the smile had left it. He looked straight into his wife's eyes and spoke as though the children were not present at all.

"What do you mean, if I can afford it?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Just what I say," Susan replied. "I can't help financially, of course, since I've stopped writing, but I'll love a new car if you feel you can manage it."

Jack's face had dropped, no so much at the sound of his mother's words as at the sight of his father's expression. Sally looked from one to the other, puzzled and anxious. A new embarrassment had fallen on the table.

Susan's gentle heart smote her. Was she being too cruel?

Then a past hurt rose to remind her. She thought of the summer two years before, when five boy-meets-girl stories had paid for a beautiful holiday for them all.

But because she had forgotten the year before to put the bathing suits away with moth balls, there had been disastrous consequences and she had been made to feel a culprit. Now, she decided, it was only fair that the family should have a lesson in relative values. So she went on with her dinner, waiting for John to speak.

"Of course," he said slowly, "that will make some difference. We'll think the whole thing over and then decide. Meanwhile, suppose we say no more about it now."

Jack's jaw dropped still farther and his eyes looked dazed. He was watching his mother as if he had never seen her before.

"And meanwhile," Susan went on gaily, "I'm going to do all the things I've never had time to do before when I spent most mornings writing. Tomorrow I'm actually going to a bridge lunch! Isn't that wonderful? I haven't been to lunch at Maud's for ages. May I borrow your white blouse with a frill, Sally? And I really believe I'll start my music again. You know, John, how you admire Mrs. Lawson's playing. Well, I'm sure I could play just as well if I spent even half an hour a day at the piano. And I'll probably join the reading group. Oh, I'm going to have fun!"

Apart from Susan's sprightly comments on her new emancipation, conversation at the table languished. The children left the moment they had finished and went upstairs, apparently to discuss the strange new turn of affairs. John sat staring at her.

"Just what does all this mean, Susan?"

"It means," she said, "that I've suddenly realised I can't do everything and do it well. You know what the help situation is here. I'm extremely lucky to have Mrs. White two mornings a week for the heavy work. But the cooking and the shopping and a million other things all fall on me. I've been doing the best I can, but, as you all point out, I leave some things undone."

John swallowed, unable to speak. "And it isn't a comfortable way of working—always feeling guilty when I sit down at the typewriter, knowing all the other things waiting to be done."

John swallowed again. "Then, I believe you're quite right about my writing. It hasn't any literary importance. You never even read my stories. Neither do the children. Neither

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*The Crosley Twins*



### The Crosley Twins

The Shelvador '9' Freezer and Shelvador '9' Refrigerator are twins in big 9 cu. ft. capacity—in compact dimensions, 60 1/2" high x 30 1/2" wide x 22 1/2" deep—in handsome styling—and in Crosley dependability for doing a better job more economically.

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# Zephyr-Six

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# The Bouncing Baby

MRS. BAXTER, her tongue between her teeth, was turning the heel of a pale blue bootie when she felt her husband's eye upon her.

"What's that you're making?" asked Peter in a tone rich with suspicion.

Mrs. Baxter waved her knitting needles and the finished part of the bootie swung like a standard in the home-made breeze.

"It's a bootie for a baby. What did you think it was? A coat for a dog?" And she went back to her knitting. A moment later, Peter stood up.

"If you're being coy," he said, "this is not the time."

Recognising what Peter had tritely assumed, Mrs. Baxter blushed hotly, although why a woman who had been married well over two years should blush at that was beyond her. "Oh, don't be silly," she said. "It's for Wendy's baby."

Peter shakily took up his pipe. "For a moment you had me wondering whether I was right to turn down that so-called advancement."

As soon as he had said it, he looked like a boy who had let something out of the bag.

"What so-called advancement?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"Nothing at all. Forget it."

"What so-called advancement?" repeated Mrs. Baxter.

Peter sighed. "Oh, it's just that the electronics lab has grown so large that Mr. Murdock decided he needed someone to run it. Not much research work, mind you, mostly administration."

"And he offered it to you? You turned it down. Who took it?"

"Mr. Murdock imported a chap named Devins. Ball of fire."

"I see. What's his salary?"

"About twice mine," said Peter nonchalantly.

The pleasant yellow light in the sitting-room took on a reddish tinge before Mrs. Baxter's eyes. "And why did you turn it down?" she said.

"Administration," Peter said airily, "is a waste of my time."

Mrs. Baxter's voice began to quaver. "That's one man's opinion. With income tax and the rising cost of living . . . Suppose I were having a baby—or twins or triplets

"We're not starving, are we? Devins knows I'm good. I shall be all right. Anyway, what's wrong with my salary as it is?"

"So now you're under Devins' thumb, not Mr. Murdock's. Isn't that fine? At least Mr. Murdock is a good friend of ours. You expect Mr. Devins, a stranger and a ball of fire, to notice you shrinking over your little research problems?"

The telephone rang. It was Carol Jamieson, that elegant thorn in Mrs. Baxter's side. Carol lived to spend money. Mrs. Baxter learned, to her further chagrin, that Bill Jamieson had been made head of the Murdock sales department. In fact, there had been advances all along the line.

Mrs. Baxter carefully replaced the phone in its cradle and then she blew up. Peter, his teeth clenched on a cold pipe, looked ashamed for her as she let off steam, an expression that goaded Mrs. Baxter into wilder and wilder epithets.

"I hope you calm down by tomorrow evening," said Peter, in a hurt but patient tone, "because I've invited the Devins."

Mrs. Baxter shrieked. "Aren't you ever going to consult me about anything? I hope you will consult me when you decide on something trivial, like having a family." She eyed the blue bootie with distaste.

"On second thoughts, a man with no sense of responsibility, a man who positively hates money, a man who is interested only in his private little world would make a terrible father."

As usual, after she had shot her bolt she felt like grovelling. But he gave her no chance. Exasperatingly, he let her sleep past the alarm in the morning and insulted her further by going off without breakfast.

By noon she calmed down enough to reflect that one couldn't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Then she worked her way slowly round to the idea that there might be ways of making him into a more remunerative sow's ear.

Once, she had charmed the big boss, Mr. Murdock, into friendship; he might as well try it on the Devins.

To her surprise, she greatly liked the Devins' for themselves. At about ten o'clock, when they had reached the stage of calling each other by their Christian names, Mrs. Devins brought out a snapshot of her son, Richard.

A more enchanting baby Mrs. Baxter had never seen.

"Isn't he a darling?" said Mrs. Baxter.

"He can be a strain," said Eve.

"I'd like a holiday from him now and again. I used to go with Walter on all his business trips. Later in the week he's going off to Sydney. I'd like to go, too, but travelling with Richard is different."

"Why don't you leave him with us?" Mrs. Baxter said involuntarily.

On the evening Richard was due to arrive, Peter said: "What made you make that offer?"

Mrs. Baxter's lips tightened. Actually she had done it for him, to win the Devins' favor, but she'd die before she told him so.

"I liked Eve. I'd like to be her friend. I haven't got a real friend here. You can't count Carol."

"But what do you know about taking care of babies?" Peter persisted.

"All female creatures are born with a mother instinct."

"That isn't so. It's the father phalarope that builds the nest and guards the young. And mother guppies eat their young like hors-d'oeuvres."

Mrs. Baxter twiddled her thumbs and took on a martyred patience. "I am neither a phalarope nor a

guppy. What more is there to do for a two-year-old than to feed him and exercise him and keep him clean?"

"You make him sound like a dog," Peter said.

Someone kicked the door lustily. Mrs. Baxter opened it. Walter Devins staggered in, weighed down by a folded cot, a mattress, and two bulging suitcases. His wife followed, carrying Richard, who was asleep.

"You'll find everything that you are likely to need for him in the cases," said Eve. "Any questions?"

"No," said Mrs. Baxter, and the Devins departed to catch their train.

Mrs. Baxter remained standing, looking at the charming dark-haired child on her pale damask settee. He looked like a baby in a magazine advertisement, pristinely fresh and

To page 70

"Bokeyeg," said baby Richard, pushing away the spoon of cereal and apricots offered by Mrs. Baxter.



Illustrated by  
FRED MONT

An amusing short story  
By FRANCES SHIELDS



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# ROYAL HOLIDAY AT SEA

## The Queen, Duke plan to enjoy luxury cruise to Australia

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff.

When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh embark in the liner Gothic at Jamaica on November 27 for their journey to Australia and New Zealand, they will be able to relax and have a happy holiday at sea.

A PERSONAL staff has been specially trained at Buckingham Palace to make the voyage in the Gothic as streamlined as life in a Royal residence, but there will be an informal atmosphere on board because the trip through the Panama Canal and the Pacific is planned as a luxury cruise for the Queen and her husband.

When the Queen steps on board she will find the ship a floating palace.

Staterooms are exquisitely decorated and furnished with pieces from the Royal yacht Victoria and Albert.

A cinema, deck games, gramophones and long-playing records and an excellent library are some of the amenities on board.

As the Gothic sails in tropical sunshine to Fiji, the Queen and her husband plan to spend most of their time on the sundeck that opens from their day cabins.

These cabins are on the promenade deck, immediately below the Royal sleeping cabins.

### Own desk

THE Queen's own desk, which she took with her to Buckingham Palace from Clarence House when she ascended the throne, is in her day room.

It is a dainty satinwood kneehole desk with side drawers, and on it is the Marconi telephone on which the Queen can call Buckingham Palace and her children.

It should be possible for the Queen to speak to Buckingham Palace at least once each day.

But I understand that except in very special circumstances the Queen will not be using the telephone.

Instead the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will send tape recordings back to Buckingham Palace to be played over to Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

Telephone calls from the Gothic to Buckingham Palace will be at the standard rate of £3/12/- for three minutes.

The first mail to be taken off the Gothic as she passes through the Panama Canal will include the Queen's Christmas cards.

It was suggested that Her Majesty should leave all personal Christmas cards ready for posting before going on the Royal tour.

The Queen, however, decided it would be much more interesting if her friends had their Christmas cards from exciting ports on her tour.

So the Royal Christmas cards and the Queen's vellum-bound address book were sent to the Gothic, and the cards

will be air-mailed from ports on the way.

Some cards will bear the stamp struck specially in honor of the Queen's visit.

Letters to Prince Charles and Princess Anne will sometimes be sent through the local post offices on the Royal tour so that the stamps can be saved.

Choosing the menus for the day will be one of the Queen's pleasant tasks on the sea voyage.

The Gothic's chef, Charles Taylor—better known in the Gothic as "Tommy"—is proud of the special dishes he can serve the Queen.

Tommy has had intensive training under the Royal chef, Mr. Aubrey.

He went to Windsor Castle for Ascot Week, and there learned what dishes the Queen likes, how to prepare them, and how they should be served in the Royal manner.

Tommy has been for 30 years a chef with the Shaw, Savill Company, owners of the Gothic. He succeeded his father, who was their chief chef until his retirement.

Tommy claims there is no special dish he cannot make.

From Mr. Aubrey he learned that the Queen does not like exotic food nor lengthy menus.

Because the Queen keeps to a rather rigid, non-fattening diet, Tommy has to watch the preparation of his dishes very carefully.

Even in the Gothic affairs of State will take up some part of the Queen's day.

Three Wren cipher officers, directed by Lieutenant-Commander Dalrymple Hamilton, D.S.C., R.N., will be coding and decoding official messages which the Queen will attend to during "office hours."

Although these will be kept to a minimum, the cipher

officers and the secretaries will have a full working day handling dispatches.

All three cipher officers are the envy of the Admiralty's Wrens.

The three girls, pretty, youthful, and trim in their tropical uniform, have trunkloads of smart summer clothes to wear on shore leave on the round-the-world trip.

Baby of the team is Diana Wilson.

"Longing to see Australia again," is Second Officer Joan Bevan, who knows Australia well. She was with the British Pacific Fleet during the war and worked at a naval establishment at Potts Point, Sydney.

She has many friends to re-visit in Sydney, and hopes to meet again Captain Neil Mackinnon, R.A.N., who was her duty executive officer.

Practising target-shooting in the Gothic will be Third Officer Susan Rigby, a keen shot and a member of the W.R.N.S. inter-service rifle team.

### Busy Wrens

BUT don't think I will be kangaroo-shooting in Australia," she said.

"We will be travelling in Australia, and as cipher officers, will have little time for sports."

The Queen's hairdresser, Henry Joerin, is on board the Gothic with his mobile hair-dressing equipment.

Henry Joerin has been hair-dresser to the Queen all her life.

He is also hairdresser to the Queen Mother, and when, as Queen Elizabeth, she accompanied the late King George VI on the Royal tour of South Africa, Henry Joerin travelled in H.M.S. Vanguard too.

There is a hairdresser in the Gothic for the staff and



DAY CABIN in the Gothic has been specially decorated for the Queen's use. Steward J. J. Murphy is arranging the cushions. The color scheme is pale green and blue.

Royal household, but the Queen will not visit his salon.

Henry Joerin's equipment is in his cabin and can be wheeled along to the Royal apartments when the Queen wants her hair done.

Although the Queen's hair is curly, she has it permanently waved at the ends to help keep it tidy.

Among the happiest people in the Gothic are those members of the crew and staff who were on board when the 1952 Royal tour was cancelled because of the King's death.

They were brought back for this Royal tour.

Among them is the nurse, Sister Margaret Davies, who had been serving in other ships belonging to the Shaw, Savill Company.

Chief Radio Officer Charles H. Roberts will put through all personal calls to the Queen on the special white Marconi telephone in her cabin.

The barman, Steve Courtney, is famous throughout the Shaw, Savill Line for his good humor, the skill with which he mixes his own special cocktails, and as a judge of good wine.

Steve has added Jamaican rum to an already well-stocked cellar, and when the Gothic reaches Australia he will re-

plenish his stock with Australian wines.

To Alec Cloughly, dining-room steward in the Royal ante-room, will go the task of clearing away after meals so that the mobile cinema apparatus can be set up.

Alec, like Sydney Allen, personal steward to Her Majesty, was given a special training by a member of the Queen's staff at Buckingham Palace.

Mr. Purdy, the Royal Steward, went on board the Gothic on her shake-down trials, teaching the ship's personnel how to make their attendance on the Queen "more like private service."

And that is the keynote of all who serve her and help to make the Gothic a Royal home afloat.

The Queen's magnificent wardrobe for the Royal tour contains 100 glamorous, exclusive new gowns as well as some simple cotton frocks she bought "off the peg."

The major portion of the wardrobe has already left England in the Gothic.

The Queen, on the eve of her departure on November 23 by air for Bermuda on the first stage of her journey, has presented her courtiers with cuff links bearing the Royal cipher, "E.I.I.R."

To each of the fitters she gave a signed photograph.

Thanking them, the Queen assured each one in turn that her clothes were the loveliest she had ever owned.

Three courtiers share the honor of making the Queen's wardrobe. They are Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies, and Miss Mavis Ford, who has dressed Her Majesty since she was a child.

"I know I am going to enjoy wearing every dress," she told a youthful assistant from Hardy Amies when the last frock was delivered to Buckingham Palace in time to be packed in the Queen's trunks.

Typical of her thoroughness was her last-minute gesture in making the gifts of cuff links and photographs.

Her wardrobe was nearly finished when the Queen commanded the Royal dressmakers and their staffs to the Palace. Each had an appointment

on a different day and each was prepared to have to place yet another frock order in their already busy workrooms. But the Queen put them at their ease with her gift and thanks.

The Queen has planned her Royal tour wardrobe very carefully. It is a lavish and lovely collection of dresses chosen for the many variations of climate and an enormously long engagement list, but it is not a "spare no expense" wardrobe chosen at random.

The Queen pays her courtiers exactly the same price for their models as any of their clientele. In choosing her clothes she has balanced up her wardrobe between the costly extravaganzas of billowing lace and tulle and the classic gowns depending on cut and exciting new fabrics for their effect.

Looking ahead, she decided to lump together this season's dress budget and next season's and have a really lavish wardrobe that could be worn right through two summers.

### New colors

WHEN the Queen returns from Australia it will be summer in England and she will order new dresses only for Ascot and for State occasions.

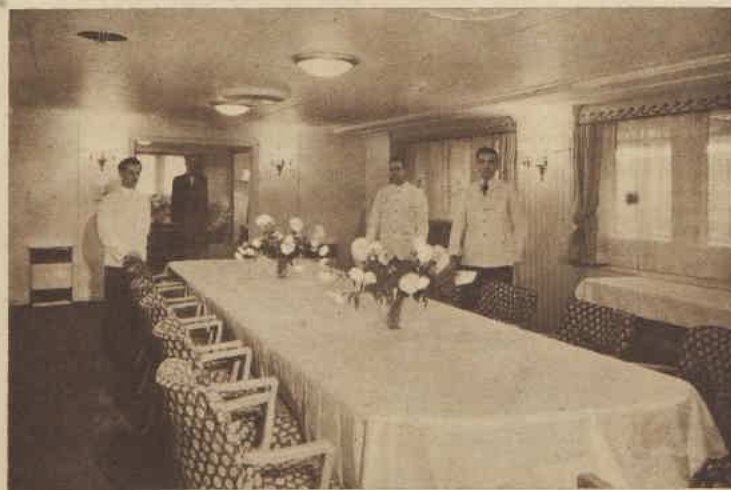
New shades the Queen is looking forward to wearing are the chartreuse-yellows and greens and a whole range of soft pinks ranging from cyclamen to the new sapphire-pink.

Practical accessories in the Royal tour wardrobe are elbow-length gloves made in fabrics in shades that match the sheer dresses.

Even garden-party gloves are in fabrics and only for evening wear and the opening of State and Federal Parliaments in Australia will the Queen wear long, white kid gloves.

Some of the clothes the public will never see are the casuals, including slacks, tight-fitting pants, and suntops, the Queen has chosen to wear in the Gothic and on the very few brief holidays she will have on this strenuous tour.

The Queen's Life Story, by Margaret Saville, Part 2, Page 18.



DINING-ROOM. In this beautifully appointed room the Queen and her husband will have their meals. At right is Sydney Allen, who will be the Queen's personal steward.



# New life for northern ghost town

By EDWARD F. GAY

**Cooktown, once a prosperous near-city of 45,000 people, promises to rehabilitate itself after a Rip Van Winkle period which has lasted since 1876.**



ONCE fed to excess on gold brought from the hinterland Cooktown became a ghost town racked by cyclones and tropical storms when the seams of precious metal petered out. Now it is gradually coming to life again and settlers are returning, this time not as gold seekers but as peanut growers.

The year 1953 has brought new life and new people to Cooktown, and with them may come new prosperity. This time the town's fortunes depend not on gold but on food.

Few of the thousands who flocked to Northern Queensland to search for gold remained when ready wealth was no longer available. Those who did watched abandoned houses flung piecemeal into the sky as winds licked savagely at the old town.

One of these was Mrs. Louisa Boyd, now a sprightly octogenarian. In 1886, as a young bride, she was the first white woman to ride overland on horseback to Cooktown. This was only 20 years after the conquest of that inhospit-

able land by the first white man.

A Cape York river is named after Mrs. Boyd. She still plays the organ at a local church on Sundays.

In her youth Cooktown was a lively town with its own daily newspaper, 20 or so hotels, two fine banks, well-stocked shops, and a busy port. Cobb and Co. coaches provided transport.

Today, the newspaper and its successors have vanished. Three hotels are still trading, and half a dozen more stand in ruins, their old walls listing precariously as the trade winds shake the battered timbers.

Streets, which in the 1870's were crowded with people, are now almost deserted, and instead of thousands only 400 shop in town.

Along the wide Endeavour River, and farther to the north, the Melvor River, hundreds of thousands of acres are waiting for 20th-century pioneers.

This land is scrub land. It was first taken up by disillusioned gold-seekers who hoped to find security in cattle.

But the North was then stagnant. No more settlers came. The land taken up for

cattle breeding, though fenced and cultivated, gradually reverted to nature. Cattle musters became annual cattle hunts. Apathy overwhelmed the people.

So these lands came on to the market. At the end of World War II any amount could be bought for 2/6 an acre.

Now, with the coming of migrants, values are rising. Already Italian, German, and Dutch diplomatic visitors have inspected Cooktown and its hinterland.

What they saw astounded them: huge areas, far larger than their own homelands, apparently deserted; rich, fertile, river-and-creek-irrigated soil. It seemed to them incomprehensible.

A few British migrants are stringing out along the two rivers.

Unlike the men of the last century who cut into tropical forests for gold, these modern men hack into the scrub to grow peanuts.

This year the first Cooktown peanuts reached the market. Those of you who bought them little realised that you were helping an historic old town to live again.

**EIGHTY-FOUR-YEAR-OLD Mrs. Louisa Boyd (left) was the first white woman to ride overland on horseback to Cooktown. She went as a bride.**

**GHOST HOTEL (below). Here the gold diggers of the 70's drank their beer. When the gold in the fields petered out the people left the town.**





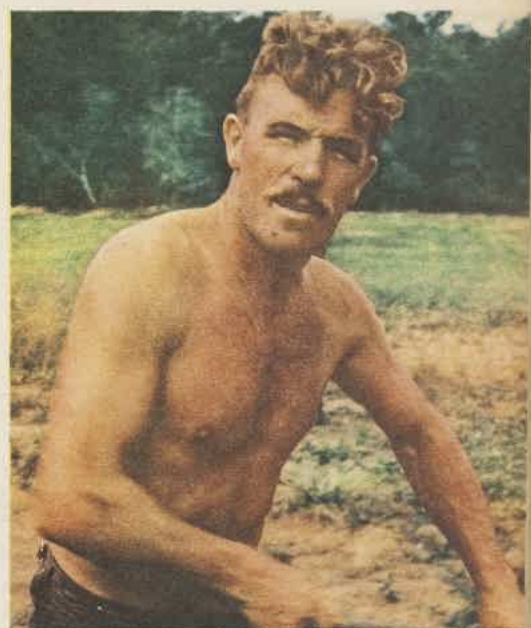


ABOVE LEFT: Charlotte Street, Cooktown, on a Saturday morning. The bank was built to trade in the gold-mining period. Pictures by Edward F. Gay.

ABOVE RIGHT: Cooktown's hope rests with the peanut. Here is a peanut thresher at work on a farm 18 miles out of the town.

LEFT: Post gold rush pioneers settled on the land. Here is a 70-year-old orange plantation, deserted by man but still bearing despite heat, cyclone, tropical rain, and neglect.

RIGHT: Migrant "Scatty" Graham has been in Australia for only four years. He is a bachelor, as most Cooktown inland farmers are. He owns four square miles of freehold riverside land.



THE ENDEAVOUR RIVER where Captain Cook beached his vessel after striking a coral reef. Cooktown can be reached only by sea or plane.



# INDIGESTION



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Original of this testimonial may be inspected at The Walco Pty. Ltd.

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## FOR SINKS AND HANDBASINS



## THE QUEEN'S LIFE STORY

# CHAIN STORE SHOPPER

## Princess saved pocket money to buy Christmas gifts

By MARGARET SAVILLE

Christmas was a season the little Princess Elizabeth particularly loved, because she could go shopping with her governess at the local Woolworth's chain store. She would save up her shilling-a-week pocket money long beforehand to buy presents for her family and friends at the fascinating counters.

ONCE she bought for her grandfather, George V ("Grandpa King" she called him), a box of pencils—"because you need them when we play noughts-and-crosses after tea."

At Christmas, Princess Elizabeth would go to various children's parties, always thrilled if she could dance, because she loved dancing.

At one party given by Countess Mountbatten at her home in Park Lane, London, a schoolboy relative called Prince Philip of Greece was among the guests.

But he did not take any notice of the little girl in the frilled white chiffon frock with the pink sash.

He was far too busy eating chocolate cake and ice-cream with boys of his own early teen-age, making the most of the holidays before he had to go back to Gordonstoun School, in Scotland, for the new term.

Princess Elizabeth cried bitterly when her beloved "Grandpa King" died in January, 1936. Even as a child of nine she gave her love very deeply and sincerely, and these two had always been close companions.

She was sad, too, that her Uncle David no longer had time to come to her Piccadilly home and join in those riotous games in the schoolroom.

### Curtsy for uncle

SHE knew now that he was King, and that she was required to curtsy when they met.

Following her 10th birthday, Princess Elizabeth was allowed to learn to swim, going to the exclusive Bath Club in Mayfair with Princess Margaret. The elder girl was very proud of her regulation navy-blue costume and cap.

"Now I don't look any different from all the other girls!" she exclaimed happily, and soon she acquired the knack of going into the water with the rest of the youthful members.

She took the life-saving certificate, which entailed plunging into the water fully dressed and rescuing another girl.

"I shall wear my very oldest clothes," Princess Elizabeth announced beforehand, and she did.

The sunny-haired Princess, tall and slender as she grew up that summer, spent her usual August and September holidays in Scotland at Glamis Castle and later at Birkhall, near Balmoral Castle.

She was always fond of this small shooting-lodge, where

everybody went to bed by candle-light and lunch was a picnic meal on the lawn.

She was much too young to understand the grave events that were happening as the King and his Ministers failed to reach understanding regarding his proposed marriage to Mrs. Simpson.

Then, while Princess Elizabeth studied more or less industriously in her Piccadilly schoolroom the following December, King Edward abdicated and the quiet, home-

But when it was explained to her she was now the King's daughter she realised what that meant. She had always been accustomed to drop a little curtsy to King George V and Queen Mary when they met before lifting her face to be kissed, and when her father returned home that evening she met him in the hall and swept him a deep obeisance.

He stood looking at her for a long moment, very touched and probably realising, too, that here was the Heiress-Pre-

other girls, daughters of personal friends of her parents, and formed some friendships which she maintains as Queen today. She would bring her weekly box of chocolates and hand it round.

"You must wait until last, Margaret," she would tell her sister. "That's good manners, because you live here, anyway."

King George VI and his Queen Consort Elizabeth were crowned on May 12, 1937. It was decided that the two Princesses should go to Westminster Abbey.

### Nursery crisis

THEY had ankle-length frocks of soft white lace trimmed with silver ribbon rosettes, and red velvet robes decorated with ermine and tiny silver-gilt coronets. When Princess Margaret discovered that Princess Elizabeth had a short train on her robe there was a nursery crisis.

"Why shouldn't I have one if Lilibet has?" wailed the outraged younger sister. Somehow, with her characteristic tact, the then Queen managed to smooth the delicate situation over, and in a quiet, private talk with her elder daughter she asked her to take special care of Princess Margaret.

As always, Princess Elizabeth responded immediately to the responsibility. She held her lively little sister's hand firmly as they rode to the Abbey in a State carriage with Queen Mary, waving and smiling to the cheering crowds.

"I do hope she won't disgrace us all by falling asleep in the middle," Princess Elizabeth had said anxiously the previous evening, but fortunately all went well. Princess Margaret only needed an occasional nudge or whispered word from her sister.

"Mind you, she did play with the prayer-books a bit," Princess Elizabeth reported afterwards. "But otherwise she was quite good."

Driving back to the Palace again in due course, the elder Princess sat up erectly and gracefully, bowing to left and right in the proper manner as she had been so carefully trained to do. "A regular little Royal lady," exclaimed the spectators along the route.

Then all at once Princess Elizabeth was seen to move swiftly sideways towards her sister.

Princess Margaret had been mischievously tickling her knee while she acknowledged the crowds' greeting, and Princess Elizabeth was administering a robust smack before resuming her upright dignity.

Next Week: Part 3. The war years.



ELIZABETH, AGED 12. King George VI was interested in the adjustment of the belt of Elizabeth's Guide uniform.

loving Duke of York, who had never wanted the limelight, became the King in his stead.

The new Queen was in bed with a severe chill, so that it was while sitting up among her pillows, a Shetland shawl around her shoulders, that she broke the news to her daughters.

"Oh, no!" said Princess Elizabeth, when she realised the family would soon have to move into Buckingham Palace. "I love this house so much."

Soon she asked wistfully whether she couldn't come back to sleep in her own room at night, anyway, even if she had to live at the Palace during the day.

"Or perhaps Papa would have a tunnel made," she suggested hopefully.

sumptive to the Throne, the little girl who must grow up ready to succeed him as the Monarch.

As the King and Queen naturally wanted their daughters to enjoy the companionship of other girls of their ages, the two Princesses were given permission to become Guides.

The 1st Buckingham Palace Troop was formed, under the supervision of the Princess Royal, and Aunt May herself swore Princess Elizabeth in.

"Can I have a real uniform?" she inquired breathlessly. When it was explained to her that Guides always treated one another exactly as sisters, she said happily: "I shall like that. One sister isn't really many!"

She loved drilling with the



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## Mother's plea for hospital reform

# Sick children need parents at their bedside

By VERONICA WEST

Are Australian hospitals mending the bodies of sick children while blindly subjecting their minds to emotional stress more damaging in many cases than the disease or condition from which they are suffering?

Must the price of the child's health be submission to an inflexible hospital routine which catapults him from the security of home to a world in which his two paramount fears are realised—desertion by his parents, injury at the hands of strangers?

IS Australia to lag behind progressive English and American hospitals which encourage the presence of mothers at the bedside of their sick children?

Many medical and hospital representatives who attended the Seminar on Mental Health in Childhood at Sydney University last August are asking themselves these questions.

A few enlightened pediatricians (child specialists) and doctors have long been trying to introduce overseas reforms in Australia.

The safeguarding of children from unnecessary, frightening experience and training the nursing staff in basic concepts of child psychology are other steps being taken abroad.

First to throw down an official challenge to the old hospital visiting system is the Royal Children's Hospital, Melbourne.

It now proudly announces the success of a scheme which makes hospital routine fit in with new daily visiting hours for mothers.

This article was set in motion by the distress of a friend who spent two weeks in an intermediate ward of a city hospital.

She said she couldn't forget the despairing cries of "Mummy, Mummy, where are you?" which she heard from a nearby children's ward throughout the night.

She was astounded to hear that mothers were only allowed to visit the children once a week.

When my friend spoke to the night sister about the distress of the children, her anxiety for them was dismissed as maternal sentiment.

### Sedatives given

"NONSENSE," said the sister, "a sedative soon puts them to sleep. The kiddies are always like this for a couple of days after visiting days. We dread visiting days. They do more harm than good."

My friend was told that except for a few problem cases the children were perfectly happy with the nurses during the week.

"They are quiet and good, and settled in, but as soon as mother comes they stage terrific tantrums."

When she told me the story my friend said that if her own child went to hospital and was as mentally distressed as some of the children she had seen and heard, she would insist, through her doctor, on reasonable access to her little girl.

Was my friend being over-

maternal and foolish, or was she instinctively right?

I set about finding out.

The Seminar on Mental Health in Childhood revealed something of the general impact of hospital experience on the child of pre-school age.

Subjects discussed included depriving the child of the comfort of his mother's presence, his fear of pain, the isolation and aimlessness of his existence, the uncertainty of ever getting home again, and the inner turmoil and emotional drive to which frail bodies were subjected.

With two-year-olds or three-year-olds, especially, it was pointed out, the immediate reaction was a period of agitated despair, during which the child screamed, refused food, and only exhaustion brought sleep.

After a few days he became the quiet, good, allegedly settled-in child—in reality the apathetic, frozen-emotion child who had reached a serious stage of mental sickness.

At the seminar, Sir Ronald Mackeith, of Guy's Hospital, London, told of reforms which remove the risk of hospital damage to the child's personality. One of the simplest was the opening of wards to mothers, who fed, bathed, and generally assisted the staff in the care of their own child on their visits.

The Royal Children's Hospital, Melbourne, I discovered, had been experimenting with daily visiting for the smaller children over the past two years, had found this a success, and had introduced regular daily visiting for all children four months ago.

The Medical Director, Dr. Vernon Collins, said that he regards the ideal as "free visiting where the parents may come to the hospital at any time."

He believes that this is essential to build up good relationship between the mother and the nursing staff and to get the best care for the child.

Quoting this as an example, I interviewed leading pedi-

atricians, medical men, child psychologists, hospital medical superintendents, matrons, and sisters.

I found the pediatricians and doctors awake to recent research and already trying to apply the new methods to their patients, but still uncertain of how general reforms could be carried out.

Hospital representatives?

Their reactions were surprisingly mixed, with individual but not collective antagonism to the new methods.

Some had not heard of any visiting-hour reforms, and, wary of the threat to hospital routine, were reluctant to hear of, or discuss, the subject.

Others equally ill-informed listened kindly, but remained unshaken in their conviction that present methods were best.

### "Sitting pat"

AS an official spokesman put it, they were "sitting pat and waiting."

Here is the statement of the official spokesman of that hospital—the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney, which has 485 beds and treated 11,777 in-patients last year.

"Just say we are interested in the entire subject and are studying all the material available, but we prefer to wait and see. There will be no immediate alteration in the Sunday visiting day for the children."

Here, too, are some of the opinions expressed at interviews:

First, a talk with a hospital matron with many years' experience in children's wards.

"I think the reforms will have to come," she said. "The seminar undoubtedly opened the eyes of some of us who have long prided ourselves on the physical care of children in our charge."

"The most efficiently run ward in Sydney is not worth the constant reproach of the screams of the frenzied child, or the misery and listless apathy of the quiet child, staring blankly, hour after hour, at hospital walls."

The most outspoken of the pediatricians who recently returned from England and who had instituted more liberal visiting hours in his hospital outside London said this:

"Christmas is coming, and we will again have Press photographs of happy children and gaily decorated wards, and once again people will murmur warmly, 'The hospitals are wonderful going to so much trouble for the children!'"

"What the enlightened child expert would like is a little of this Christmas sentiment from hospitals and doctors spread over twelve months in our children's wards."

"When I was a medical resident I agreed with the general opinion that the weekly visiting day for mothers, with its aftermath of temperatures up and chaos in the wards, was an unnecessary evil."

"Experience brought wisdom. In the London hospital I arranged for the mothers to



MICHAEL MATHEW'S, nine-months-old patient at the Royal Children's Hospital, Melbourne, being fed by his mother. The hospital has been experimenting for two years with allowing mothers to help care for their sick children.





**FATHERS** play important part in bedside visiting at the Royal Children's Hospital, Melbourne. Here Mr. Philip Bennett sits with two-and-a-half-months-old Grant. Grant has a piece of blue blanket brought from home in which he has always slept. It soothes him, and imparts a familiar atmosphere. Frequent visits by parents help the child to adjust himself.

visit the children daily, dropping in and out for brief visits, on the way to town or after shopping.

"The mothers sometimes fed the children, tidied beds, washed them, and were of real assistance to the nursing staff.

"Reassured by the seemingly casual visits of the mothers, the children were happy and contented, and were discharged mentally and physically well.

"Certainly some cried when their mothers left, just as children here in our private wards who enjoy the privileges of more frequent visiting do.

"But a little weeping at temporary parting is one of our natural human emotions. It bears no relation to the violent reactions, or, worse, the disturbingly quiet ones, of the visit-starved public-ward child.

"Of course, we must have hospitals for sick children, and any physical pain inflicted is negligible to the suffering it spares the child, but too often both doctors and parents undertake to put a child into hospital without giving sufficient thought to the matter.

"Unless it is absolutely necessary, experience of hospital should be deferred until the child has reached school age.

"Some parents fall down on the job of preparing the child for what lies ahead. They, in mistaken kindness, tell him fairy stories or refer to his approaching period in hospital as a 'party'.

"What happens when the child arrives for the 'party'? Generally he is whisked away from his harassed mother at the admission office, and, stripped of his favorite teddy-bear or chewing rug, he is jet-propelled into his new world.

"For the next six days until visiting day he is walled up in a world of white, forsaken by his parents, helpless against the towering, white-clad, masked strangers who periodically select him for injury.

"It is not the pain—most children can take pain better than adults—it is the terror of what it is all about that breaks the child.

"While the comfort of the sympathetic nurse is often refused by the child in his despair, the reprimands and threats of the thoughtless, ill-tempered nurse aggravate the situation.

"Some of our hospitals allow the mother to accompany the child to his bed, get him used to the nurse, as well as letting him keep his cherished toys.

#### Lined up in row

"In others where haste and ordered routine is the rule the opposite is the case.

"In many of these hospitals it is still the current practice on chaotic tonsillectomy morn-

ing to line up about a dozen young patients on a form outside their ward or adjoining the theatre for upwards of an hour, and drag them off one by one, like the ten little nigger boys, for the operation."

A woman pediatrician had this to say:

"Certainly periods in hospital do not affect all children, temporarily or permanently. This is also true of epidemics, yet we would not deliberately expose children to such a risk.

"I believe a system of staggered daily visiting hours would be best, with full co-operation between the doctor in charge and the sister.

"Of course, some mothers because of domestic duties or because they live a long way from the hospital would not be able to make the daily visit."



**STAND-IN MOTHER.** Pre-school expert Mrs. N. King visits Janet Hankinson, who has a broken leg. Janet's parents live at Carrum, 20 miles from Melbourne, so cannot visit her every day. Pre-school teachers substitute for parents of patients unable to attend at the Royal Children's Hospital.



**CUDDLE FOR WENDY** from her mother, Mrs. Hugh Moore, who visits the Royal Children's Hospital daily.



**PLAYTIME** for two-year-old Duncan King, whose mother, Mrs. Gordon King, has visited him daily in hospital.



**"I'M BETTER NOW, MUMMIE!"** said 5-year-old Evelyn Kagan when her mother, Mrs. Betty Kagan, arrived.

#### Homely care

"OVERSEAS these hospitals are broken up into smaller units under a matron who deputises for a mother, or specialised home-care is provided, as in America.

"Perhaps Australia cannot immediately emulate these reforms, but some of the broken mother-child relationship can be repaired by extending visiting hours."

Finally I saw child psychologist Miss Zoe Benjamin.

"Clinging to mother, temper tantrums, bed-wetting, hostility towards the mother, and kindergarten activities are all typical symptoms of hospital experience," said Miss Benjamin.

"Handled sympathetically by parents, these usually disappear, but can lead to serious results."

The experts quoted agreed that the most urgently needed reform was an increase in visiting hours in children's hospitals, which must be championed by an enlightened medical profession generally.

\* "Child Care and the Growth of Love"—Penguin edition summary of the John Bowlby report to the World Health Organisation.





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**NEW VILLAWOOL DESIGNS FOR 1954,**

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 25, 1953





**AMERICAN AMBASSADOR** Mr. Amos Peaslee (second from right) and Mrs. Peaslee (second from left) welcome their daughter Dorothy (centre) on her arrival in Canberra from America. Mr. and Mrs. Peaslee's other daughter, Mrs. Bill Dougall, Mr. Dougall, and their children, from left, Robin, Lucy-Anne, and Jonathan, are holidaying in Canberra.



**TOWN HALL RECEPTION.** Consultant management engineer Dr. Lillian Gilbreth makes friends with young Paul Hills at the reception given in honor of Dr. Gilbreth at the Sydney Town Hall. Paul is held by his father, the Lord Mayor, Alderman P. D. Hills.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**WHIRL** of farewell parties is in full swing for Air Vice-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley, Rear-Admiral J. W. M. Eaton, and their families, who will leave Sydney within the next two months.

Air Vice-Marshal McCauley, who is at present in England, Mrs. McCauley, and their daughter, Anne, are off to Melbourne. They have altered their departure date from January 6 to January 11, as the Air Vice-Marshal's successor, Air Vice-Marshal A. L. Walters, with his wife and 21-year-old daughter Robin, will not arrive here till January 6.

Anne will give a cocktail party for 50 of her friends at her home in Potts Point on December 19.

Rear-Admiral Eaton, with Mrs. Eaton and her daughters, Jennifer and Sally Tatchell, leave on December 19 on the Strathmore for England. They will live at Mrs. Eaton's home, "Bourchiers Hall," Tolleshunt-B'arty, in Essex, till the Admiral receives his new appointment.

The Eatons are giving two parties on board the Australia before they leave—one, on December 3, is for Jennifer and Sally and their friends, and another will be held on December 10.

**COMMANDER** and Mrs. George Reynolds, of Bath, England, will arrive in Sydney in late November to visit Mrs. Reynolds' parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Kennedy, of Bellevue Hill. The Reynolds' are having a leisurely trip out on the Swedish ship Mongaberra, and plan to stay here for about four months.

**THE** old saying "three times a bridesmaid, never a bride" can hardly be said to apply in the case of pretty blonde June Mullens. June, who will marry Peter Sampson at St. Canice's, Elizabeth Bay, on November 26, has been a bridesmaid ten times. She will wear a wedding gown of chantilly lace and tulle.

**CHILDREN'S** folk-dancing, a Punch-and-Judy Show, and a cake competition will be among attractions at a gala fete, to be held in the gardens of Dalwood Home, Seaforth, on Saturday, November 21.

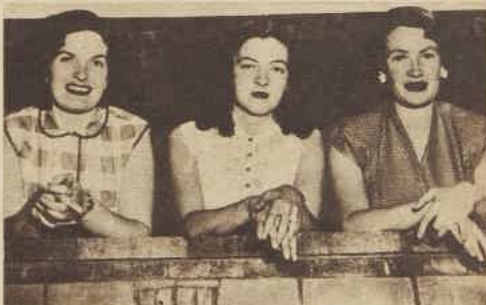


**LETTER** from country lass Judy Ogilvie, of "Iparan," Glen Innes, brings news that Judy is at present in Italy, where she is doing a three months' course at Florence University. Judy spent a week in Paris with Jenny Harcourt, and then went on to stay with friends in the Laine Valley in France, before going to Italy.

**ATTRACTIVE** twosome lunching at Prince's last week were Joan Miles and Jean McLeod. Joan returned a few weeks ago from 14 months abroad, where she travelled extensively in England and the Continent. Among her souvenirs are some chinaware from Denmark, and some wonderful knitwear from Scotland—but if Sydney's present burst of hot weather keeps up, the woolies will have to wait till next winter for an airing.

**BRIEFLY** . . . Mrs. Cedric Symonds is wearing a "flattened tulip" hairstyle—to get away from that gamine look . . . Juliet Winchcombe, who recently announced her engagement to Bruce Kirkpatrick, of Melbourne, flew down south last weekend to see her fiancé and to discuss furnishings for their flat at South Yarra . . . Newlyweds Janet and Roy Michael, who were married at St. James', King Street, are honeymooning in Tasmania.

**FAMILY GROUP.** Shirley Pye (left), her brother Tony (second from left), and their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dick Pye, had ringside seats at the Carruthers-Gault world bantamweight title fight at the Sydney Sports Ground.



**BRIDE-TO-BE** Rosalind Evatt (centre), who will marry Peter Carrodus at St. John's Church, Canberra, on November 28, with two of her four attendants, her future sister-in-law, Mrs. Stuart Gordon (left), and Helene Mair.



**HOSTESS** Mrs. Gordon Johnston (right) with Mrs. Ben Fuller (left) and Mrs. W. J. Smith at the Christmas party given by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston at the Pickwick Club. Party also farewelled Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. J. P. J. McCauley.

**LEAVING** St. Stephen's, Macquarie Street, after their wedding are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Pivers. Bride was formerly Judy Throsby, of Moss Vale.



**YOUTHFUL SPECTATORS** Jill Moore (left), of Walgett, Jillian Litchfield, of Cooma, and Pam Cobcroft, of Armidale, at the New South Wales Tennis Championships at White City. The girls all wore cool summer cotton dresses.



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# Happy day for Marj.

Olympic runner Marjorie Jackson made one of the year's happiest and most charming brides when she married handsome Olympic cyclist Peter Nelson, of Adelaide, at St. Paul's Church of England, Lithgow, N.S.W., on November 7.

**M**ARJORIE and Peter, who were members of Australia's 1952 Olympic Games team, met for the first time last year in London before they went to Helsinki, Finland, to take part in the Games.

The 22-year-old girl from Lithgow and the 21-year-old boy from Adelaide took an immediate liking for each other. Soon their team mates were noticing the attraction between them, and people interested in Marjorie's career were hearing that she and Peter were "holding hands."

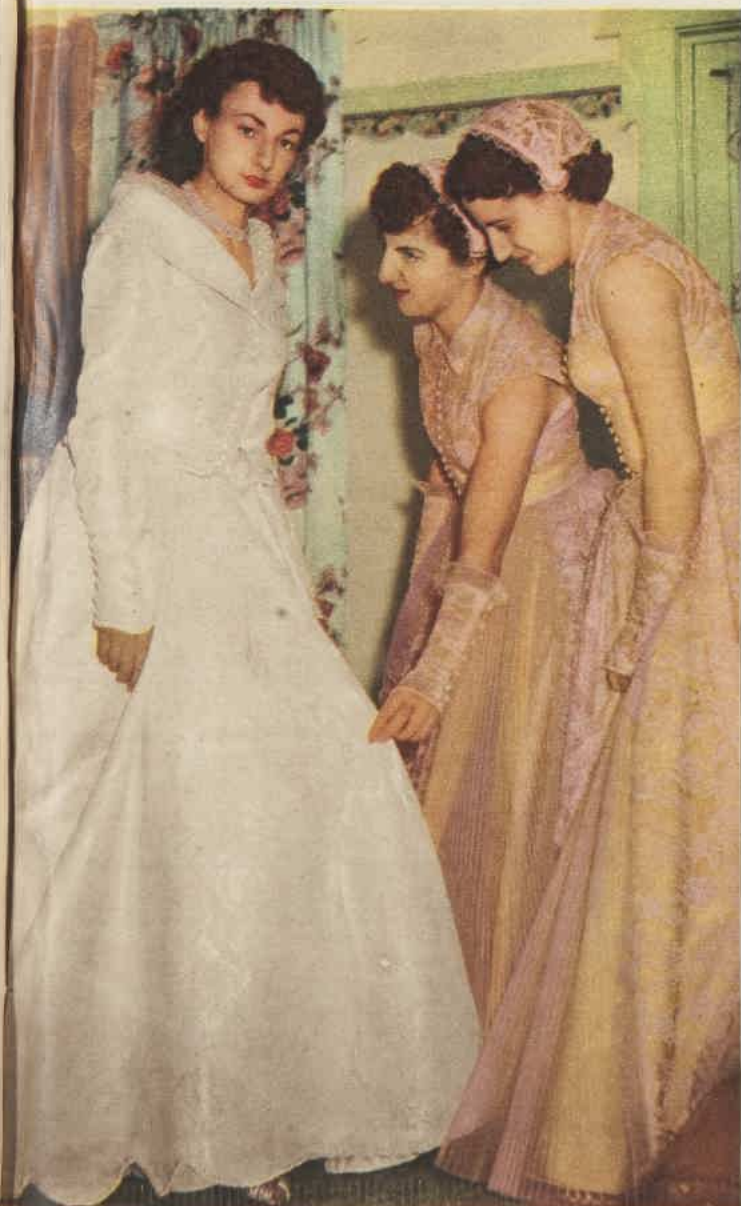
Their friendship continued after Marjorie and Peter returned with the Olympic team to Australia, and the engagement was announced in April this year.

Despite rain and cold, Lithgow people turned out in hundreds to see the wedding, and stood waiting for a glimpse of the bride. Marjorie received many spontaneous gestures of affection and admiration from the crowd on her way to the church, and afterwards as she drove to the reception at the R.S.L. Club.

She answered them all with the smile of a radiantly happy bride.



AT RECEPTION held at the R.S.L. Club, Lithgow, N.S.W., Marjorie Jackson and her husband, Olympic cyclist Peter Nelson, of Adelaide, make a happy pair as they prepare to cut the wedding cake. Pictures by staff photographer Robert Cleland.



LEFT: Marjorie with the bridesmaids, her younger sister Beryl and old school friend Valerie Wheeler, before she left home for St. Paul's Church, Lithgow.

ABOVE: Watched by Beryl Jackson and Valerie Wheeler (right), Marjorie has her veil adjusted by Mrs. S. Allen, who made the bride's lovely wedding gown.



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AT ALL LEADING STORES

It seems to me...

## Fighters' wives need to be tough, too



BY Dorothy Drain

● I had a ringside seat at last Friday's big fight. It was the first fight I'd ever seen, and you could hardly do better for a first than a world title bout.

MY nephews are going to be pretty impressed that their auntie was among the ladies who saw Jimmy Carruthers retain the world bantamweight championship against Pappy Gault.

Come 1990, I'll still be regalling my grand-nephews with it. ("Now don't interrupt your great-aunt," their elders will say. "She gets a little vague nowadays and sometimes thinks it was the Burns-Johnson fight she saw. But you must be polite to old ladies.")

"It was a real Roman holiday of a night," I'll begin. "The brilliantly lit ring in the centre. Crowds stretching away into the darkness. A half-moon shining, and not one of the 40,000 people in Sydney Sports Ground looking at it—except your aunt, who, being a conscientious reporter, looked at everything, even the fight; though formerly she had always closed her eyes in fight scenes at the pictures."

"But, being surrounded by people who had paid ten pounds for their seats, she was too ashamed not to keep her eyes open..."

WELL, here we are at the ringside, as they say on the radio. Jammed practically underneath the ring in the second row of Press seats, breathing down the neck of a reporter phoning a first-edition story.

One of the preliminary bouts is on. A kind man gives me a bag of peanuts, saying prawns are really the thing for a fight, but not in Press seats. He asks what I think of this bout, and I say it doesn't seem real. I would feel more if I knew them, if one were the boy from the corner shop.

The kind man says, well, since I know Pappy and Jimmy, which is the boy from the corner shop in their case? I don't know, I tell him. They're both very nice.

"Ah, they'll look different tonight," says the K.M., delivering his punch line. How right he is.

The preliminaries over, I hurry round to the other side of the ring to have a word with Jimmy's pretty wife, Myra, sitting amid a covey of proud Carruthers relatives. She is calm and smiling. "I never have pre-fight nerves," she says. "I only worry when it starts."

Back to my seat just in time, for Sergeant Thomlinson of the Federation of Police Boys' Clubs (which promoted the fight), is scurrying round settling everybody down. "You girls," he says to me and a couple of other press-women, "don't go getting up and running round any more."

Comes the big announcement. "Sit down, all of you," cries the sergeant to us. Dazed, some of us obey. "What the hell are we sitting down for?" asks a pressman. "That's the Star Spangled Banner they're playing."

So it is. Then follows "Advance Australia Fair." And there's Jimmy in his green velvet robe and Pappy in his white robe, Stars and Stripes on the pocket.

Don't tell me they don't look a bit nervous. Tense, if you like the word better. And their white-shirted seconds—all very, very serious. Not a smile between them.

EVERYBODY knows what happened—how Jimmy was never in real danger of losing in spite of his cut eyebrow; how Pappy stuck it out the full 15 rounds, giving new meaning to the name of his home town, Spartansburg.

Hearsay had prepared me for the jungle cries of the crowd, but not for the quaint mildness of such shouts as "Box on, Jimmy," while young Mr. C., his face streaming with blood (not a pretty sight), was doing that and more.

neither did Pappy, from start to finish.)

In the tenth round Chris Cline lit a cigarette and started to draw on it furiously. "Dig, Pappy, dig!" he called several times.

"What's he mean, 'Dig'?" I asked my seat neighbor between rounds.

"Dig him in the stomach," was the reply. "Oh," I said.

Afterwards, as Jimmy and Pappy said their few words into the mike, I watched Myra Carruthers staring anxiously at her husband's face. She was twisting her handkerchief into a tight string. It's a good thing for a boxer's wife not to have pre-fight nerves. The reality is enough, without imagining it beforehand. Fighters' wives need to be tough, too.

"DID you enjoy it?" someone asked me as we threaded our way out among the milling thousands, past the litter of empty bottles and paper.

"Not exactly," I said. "Excited, perhaps. Entertained by the drama. But I don't think 'enjoyed' is the word."

Indeed, nothing defines so clearly the difference between male and female tastes in entertainment as a fight. There are women, of course, who are real fans (such as the prettily dressed girl who was crying, "Hit him, Pappy, don't wrestle him!"). There are also men who do embroidery. Both are exceptions.

There were a fair number of women at the ringside. And a lot of them, judging by the expressions on their faces, felt much as I did—caught up in the excitement, but considerably concerned about the two contenders. How bad was Jimmy's eye, and how much longer could Pappy keep on taking a battering?

What is enjoyable for women is to watch the un-inhibited delight of the male spectator. There they are, the breadwinners whose brows were furrowed a few hours ago, yelling and screaming their heads off with the purest pleasure.

For a man to shout one minute, "Good boy, Jimmy!" and the next minute, "Gault lands a punch, to yell exultantly, "Ah, he hit him on the crook eye!" shows an impartiality difficult for the female to comprehend.

There was one particular man within earshot who, taking exception to Gault's use of his head, kept up a running barrage at the referee.

"Go back to Newcastle, ref," he shouted the first time. Then, with heavy sarcasm, he embroidered on the theme, time after time. "Use your head, Pappy. The coalminer won't see you."

But he, too, was enjoying himself—in the pleasure of unbridled criticism.

AFTER the fight I set off with some others to the Carruthers home.

The day before, Myra Carruthers had said, "Yes, call out afterwards. We'll be having a party." But silence enveloped 21 Macpherson Street, Waverley.

"We're not having anybody now, except the relatives," explained Mrs. Carruthers. "I'm sorry, but Jimmy has to rest. He's not feeling so good." Which wasn't surprising.

"That's the worst time I've had," she said. "The Johannesburg fight was over so quickly. But this time his eye was cut so early, and it seemed so long till it was all over."

I went home and took a couple of aspirin. On second thoughts I don't think I'll encourage my nephews with tales of the ring. They might want to be boxers, and, it seems to me, there are many less hazardous occupations.





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# From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

**B**EFORE leaving Mac West's apartment the day of our interview, I asked how she knew so much about men.

At that, she rose—she was wearing a baby-blue skin-tight hostess gown—swayed across the room, straightened a picture of herself in a white frame on top of her white piano, and intoned, "Baby, I went to night school."

Anyone as outspoken as I am is bound to make enemies. Having only friends would be dull, anyway. Like eating eggs without salt. They may be better for you, but where is the tickle to your palate?

Dale Carnegie can blurt about making friends and influencing people. He can have it! I love my enemies, their cracks at me, their rages, and the publicity it gives me. Then, too, it keeps their juices from stagnating.

I've had fun walking into a room and seeing guests scatter as though I were Typhoid Annie. "Good heavens, I didn't think she'd be invited," they buzz.

My only trouble is a tendency to forget I'm feuding with a star and go right up and speak to her. I've never known it to fail; the next day I get candy or flowers.

I had some words with Marlene Dietrich. What about, I can't for the life of me remember. When she quit Paramount and was making an independent picture she invited me on her set to pose for some photographs with her.

I was an hour late. I kept trying to recall what we'd argued about, but couldn't remember.

Marlene had tripped on the set and, trying to save a baby from injury, had broken her ankle. I've known plenty of stars who would have let the baby go boom and saved themselves. I told her how I admired her for the risk she'd taken. We were photographed in an affectionate pose, and never got around to what it was we had fought over. I suppose she'd forgotten too.

As far as I'm concerned, Dietrich can do no wrong. She proved herself more than a glamor girl in World War II. When Hitler was on the march, Dietrich was whispered about in certain circles as the new Mata Hari. She never pretended she was anywhere except Germany; but that didn't make her a spy. She hated Hitler and all he stood for.

While she was being talked about, she wasn't showing off her fine clothes and jewels in army camps. She was in the Hollywood Canteen kitchen, washing dishes. She never came out to take bows. She wanted no photographers poking their cameras into her sink.

One star, escorted by three press agents and her husband, came into the kitchen one evening to be photographed washing dishes. "May I

borrow your apron, darling?" she cooed to Marlene as she undid it. Then, pushing Dietrich aside, she took off her long white gloves, and plunged her hands into the sink so the photographer could get his shot.

Marlene stood, hands on hips, and watched; then, as flash bulbs popped, she drew back her hand and let the star have it right in the face. Without a word, Marlene put her apron back on, and went ahead with the dishes.

Without any mood music she went overseas to entertain our troops, but not to Mr. Hitler's Germany to star in pictures. It wasn't for their lack of trying. As far back as 1936 the Nazis were wooing her. Hitler offered to pay her in English pounds.

She told me that during Christmas of that year she was living at Claridge's Hotel in London. A man brought her a Christmas tree from Herr Hitler himself, and a few days later Von Ribbentrop called and invited her to dinner.

"I don't go out with men I don't know," Marlene said to Herr Von Ribbentrop.

"Surely you know me!" he exclaimed.

"Only by reputation," she said.

Marlene booked a passage on a German boat to Hamburg to see her sick mother. En route she received a warning that going to Germany would be unwise. She feigned illness and had herself put off the boat at Cherbourg. Then she became frightened that the Nazis might take reprisals against her mother.

Shortly after the war, when her mother died, our G.I.s built a coffin and lent Marlene a truck to take her mother to the cemetery—when she'd been dead twelve days.

Our War Department gave her a Medal of Freedom Ribbon, and seven years later the French presented her with the Order of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

I asked her what the German citizens thought when she returned home with the conquering Allied soldiers. She laughed and said, "The Army thought I'd be killed, and assigned me two bodyguards. I had no need of them. I was the local girl who'd made good!"

Another reason for the soft spot in my heart for Marlene is that she was my mother's favorite singer. The last time Mother visited me she wore out



**MINK-CLAD** Marlene Dietrich displays some of the fashion flair that earns her a place among the world's best-dressed women almost every year.

two records of that famous song "See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have." I was certain she didn't know what the song was offering the boys, and once asked her why she was so fond of it. She replied, "I just love her voice."

Mother was hard of hearing. Trying to be helpful, I bought her a hearing aid, had it adjusted, and had her dresses made so the device would be hidden. Noticing she wasn't using it, I asked her why. She replied, "I don't like the harsh sounds of the world. I can hear your perfectly. If there's anything important I should know, you'll tell me."

"But what about pictures, Mother? You can't hear them."

"No, but I enjoy looking at them. It was many years before they talked. There was something soothing about the quiet pictures."

Not wanting to hurt my feelings or waste my money, she occasionally wore the hearing aid; but when she got home to Altoona she gave it to my sister Dora's husband.

Mother had insisted on flying to California. Dora said, "It's not safe."

"Nonsense," Mother replied. "Elda flies everywhere. What's good enough for her is safe for me."

Dora extracted a promise that she wouldn't leave the plane at any of the stops until

it reached Los Angeles, but Mother didn't promise not to look out of the window. So the minute the plane took off, she filled her vision with mountains, plains, and the beauty and glory of America. She was too busy looking to catnap, and was so thrilled with what she'd seen that, when I met her at the airport, you'd have thought she was twenty-five.

Our picture stars meant nothing to her. She didn't recognise their faces or their names. I introduced her to Hedy Lamarr. "You're beautiful," said Mother. "You should be in pictures." "Mother," I insisted, "this is Hedy Lamarr."

"Well, she could change her name; you did, Elda."

Then Hedy, whose mother had recently arrived from Germany, asked how Mother liked the train trip West.

She replied proudly, "I came by plane. It's the only way to travel." Bless her heart, she'd never seen the inside of one until she stepped aboard for the trip to Hollywood.

The night Paris fell, Ken Murray escorted Mother and me to the premiere of "All This and Heaven Too." At that opening three mothers stood together. They made quite a picture. Bette Davis' mother from England, Charles Bower's mother, who had escaped from Paris ten days before, and mine from Pennsylvania. Without any boasting, I can truthfully say mine was the most beautiful.

Her naturally wavy black hair had turned white, but her brown eyes still held their sparkle. She was dressed in black chiffon trimmed with white lace and wore a spray of orchids on her shoulder. Gloves covered her toilworn hands. She'd had a manicure for the first time in her long life and was fascinated by the nail polish.

To be concluded

**HEDDA HOPPER** finds acting jobs increasingly hard to find as sound pictures leave new stars like Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo, Myrna Loy, James Stewart, and Bette Davis in charge of the acting field.

After some difficulty, Hedda lands a contract on radio. At the insistence of friends, she later becomes a movie columnist and hits the headlines with a scoop on Jimmy Roosevelt's divorce. A feud with rival columnist Louella Parsons develops.

Several minor parts come Hedda's way in films like "Reap the Wild Wind" and "The Women." Mae West discusses her philosophy in a candid interview.

NOW READ ON:



# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★ Gentlemen Prefer Blondes

AS a musical-burlesque showcase for the opulent physical charms of co-stars Marilyn Monroe and Jane Russell, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (Fox) is fair to middling entertainment.

The Anita Loos novel of America's jazz era, which was converted into a Broadway musical several years ago, provides the material for this glossy technicolor offering.

A good deal of the wit and sting of the original work is lost in modernising the story, but the general theme and characters remain unchanged.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" tells the story of a shrewd nitwit and gold-digger named Lorelei Lee (played by Mari-

lyn Monroe). All of Lorelei's dealings with the opposite sex are influenced by the philosophy that diamonds are a girl's best friend.

Taken out of the gay 'twenties period and atmosphere, Lorelei's enterprise in this direction is not specially amusing.

Marilyn Monroe speaks her lines and puts over songs in a breathless voice that is well suited to the Lorelei character.

And when she is not hampering home sex appeal, Marilyn's performance suggests that there might even be a sense of humor lurking beneath all that glamor.

Jane Russell, as Lorelei's wisecracking friend Dorothy Shaw, equals her in glamor and is better company.

## OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent

★★ Above average

★ Average

No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

The picture is dotted with highly technicolored numbers to divert musical fans. Songs are nothing out of the ordinary, and burlesque-type dances are performed with plenty of bounce by Monroe and Russell.

A large slice of film action takes place aboard a luxury liner en route to France, and there are some Parisian high-jinks as well.

Blue-eyed newcomer Elliott Reid, a romantic detective, and veteran Charles Coburn (playing a sugar-daddy sort of role) are among those implicated.

In Sydney — Regent and Mayfair.

## News from STUDIOS

From London and Hollywood

JACK HAWKINS' latest film, "The Intruder," running to packed houses in London, gave a burglar an idea. In the film a man breaks into Hawkins' home and is surprised and chased. In real life the burglar who intruded into Hawkins' home was not surprised and got away with a swag full of trinkets. Said Hawkins philosophically, "That's our second visit. The first burglars got away with so much, there was little left for our latest caller."

MICHAEL RENNIE, who is the only male actor to appear in three CinemaScope productions thus far, has agreed to stay with Fox for another year. Rennie appears in "The Robe," "Demetrius and the Gladiator," and "King of the Khyber Rifles."

WITH exquisite Gallic tact French movie houses have found the ideal answer to ladies who wear hats to pictures. A sign flashes on the screen which announces, "Elderly ladies may keep their hats on if they so desire."

FERNANDO LAMAS, who recently signed another contract with Metro, is expected to portray the French artist Degas in the forthcoming production of "Montmartre."

AFTER a year as newlyweds in New York, Glynis Johns is now resettling in her native Britain with her husband, business executive David Forster. They've bought a luxurious home in Berkshire which has a golf course at the bottom of the garden. Glynis is also in full swing with British films again—"The Sword and the Rose," "Rob Roy," and now the New Zealand film "The Seekers," in which she stars with Jack Hawkins.

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—Carruthers-Gault fight. Plus ★★ "Destry Rides Again," Western, starring James Stewart, Marlene Dietrich. (Re-release).

CIVIC.—★★ "The Halls of Montezuma," technicolor war drama, starring Richard Widmark, Richard Boone. Plus "Blackmail," mystery, starring William Marshall, Adele Mara. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—★ "Meet Me Tonight," technicolor omnibus film, starring Valerie Hobson, Nigel Patrick, Stanley Holloway. Plus ★ "Something Money Can't Buy," comedy, starring Anthony Steel, Patricia Roc.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—★ "Desert Legion," technicolor desert adventure, starring Alan Ladd, Arlene Dahl, Richard Conte. Plus ★ "The All American," football drama, starring Tony Curtis, Lori Nelson.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Great Waltz," musical drama, starring Miliza Korjus, Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet. Plus ★ "At the Circus," comedy, starring the Marx Brothers. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR and REGENT.—★ "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," technicolor musical, starring Marilyn Monroe, Jane Russell, Tommy Noonan. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Southside 1-1000," thriller, starring Don DeFore, Andrea King.

PALACE.—★ "Fair Wind to Java," tricolor adventure, starring Fred MacMurray, Vera Ralston. Plus "Madonna of the Desert," mystery, starring Lynne Roberts, Donald Barry. (Re-release.)

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francoise Rosay.

STATE.—★★★ "From Here to Eternity," drama, starring Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, Frank Sinatra, Deborah Kerr, Donna Reed. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★★ "The Happy Time," comedy, starring Charles Boyer, Linda Christian, Louis Jourdan. Plus "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," technicolor musical, starring Frankie Laine, Billy Daniels.

### Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Blueprint for Murder," mystery, starring Jean Peters, Joseph Cotton, Gary Merrill. Plus "County Fair," cinecolor racing drama, starring Rory Calhoun, Jane Nigh.

ESQUIRE.—"Luxury Girls," drama, starring Susan Stephen, Anna Maria Ferrero, Steve Barclay. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—"The Sun Shines Bright," period romance, starring Arlene Whelan, Charles Winninger. Plus "The Hideout," mystery, starring Adrian Booth, Lloyd Bridges, Sheila Ryan.

PLAZA.—"Powder River," technicolor Western, starring Rory Calhoun, Corinne Calvet, Cameron Mitchell. Plus "Undercover Woman," mystery, starring Stephanie Batchelor, Robert Livingston.

PRINCE EDWARD.—"The Stooge," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Marion Marshall. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—"Give a Girl a Break," technicolor musical, starring Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds. Plus "Remains To Be Seen," mystery-comedy, starring Van Johnson, Jane Allyn.

VARIETY.—"Jamaica Run," technicolor adventure drama, starring Ray Milland, Arlene Dahl. Plus "Oriental Evil."

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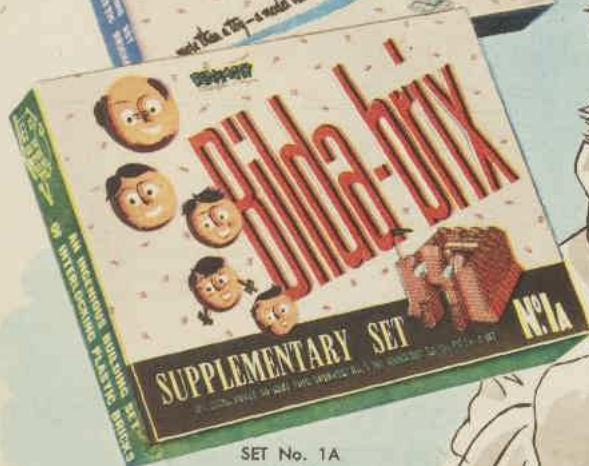
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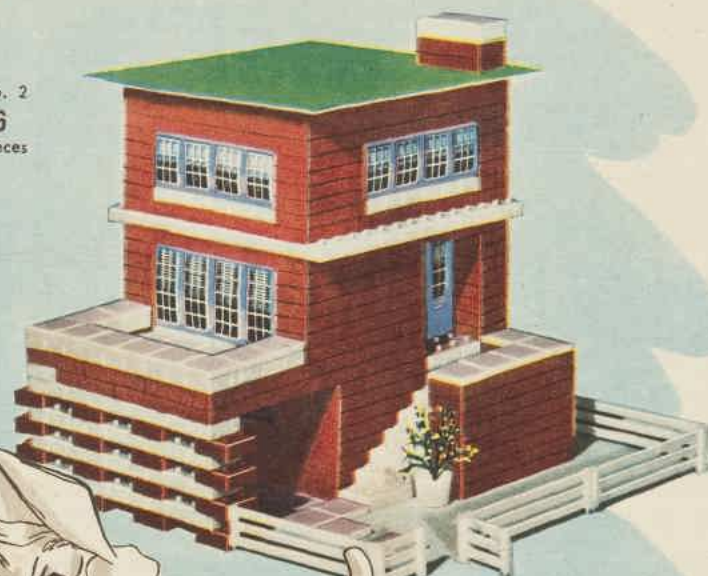
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1953



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## Lift-out novels start next week

The Australian Women's Weekly is proud to announce that beginning in our next issue we will publish the first of a brilliant series of free novels by noted British, American, and Australian authors.

EACH novel will be in "lift-out" form and will be complete in the issue in which it appears.

Novels in the series have been chosen carefully for their story value, human interest, dramatic appeal, and readability.

The first of these free novels is "Spy and Counter-spy," by Clarence Budington Kelland, of "Saturday Evening Post" fame.

It is a fast-moving thriller set against the colorful background of New Mexico, where the details of atomic power are being worked out by a group of scientists.

Central character of the story is a young atomic scientist whose narrow, academic training has given him a pedantic and intolerant approach to life.

As he comes in contact with rough- and tumble agents anxious to learn the secrets of the electronic brain, on which he is working, his attitude gradually changes, and the change is accelerated by his attraction to a beautiful young research worker of somewhat forward charm, who is working on the atom range.

Author Kelland obtained special permission from the U.S. Defence Department to visit the atomic testing grounds in America to gather material for his book, and lived there some weeks.

The result, besides being a first-rate adventure story, is an inside picture of what goes on in that fantastic establishment.

Mr. Kelland has not revealed anything harmful to national security, but he has revealed a great deal that outsiders would never learn otherwise.

This book has intense dramatic appeal. It is one of those stories the reader can't put down until the last word of the last chapter.

The second novel of the series, "Miss Pettigrew Lives for a Day," by Winifred Watson, is a light-hearted tale of a lovable, middle-aged spinster, who by mistake spends a day in the house of a fabulously beautiful nightclub singer.

The singer, who is a notorious charmer, has so many men in her life that every hour of the day is crowded with excitement and unexpected incident.

As the plot develops, Miss Pettigrew reveals a surprising side to her character, which adds piquancy to each new situation; and the author treats it all with just the right mixture of humor and understanding.

Other novels to be published include "Guy Renton," by famous British author Alec

Waugh, brother of England's foremost satirist Evelyn Waugh, and "Greengates," by R. C. Sherriff, who made his reputation with "Journey's End," the outstanding play of World War I.

Sherriff's latest play, "Home at Seven," had a successful premiere in London and is now being shown as a film in Australia with Sir Ralph Richardson in the leading role.

"Guy Renton" is a sensitive portrayal of a growing family presented through the eyes of its eldest son.

Guy, ex-international rugger player and partner in a wine business, finds happiness and



BRILLIANT British author Alec Waugh, whose sensitive book, "Guy Renton," will be included in our free series of absorbing modern novels.

tranquillity in a passionate and lasting attachment to the young wife of a middle-aged financier, and the flat in town, which was at first a rendezvous for himself and the girl he loves, becomes a refuge to which his brothers and sisters can fly for comfort and understanding.

"Greengates" is a warm, human story of what befalls a city businessman when he reaches retiring age and tries to make a new life for himself and his wife.

Also in the series is "Murder of the Well Beloved," newest detective story from the pen of Margot Neville, a name which hides the identities of two Sydney sisters writing in collaboration.

This thriller is a smoothly written sophisticated story of murder in a respectable harborside suburb of Sydney, and readers will renew acquaintance with that by now familiar team of sleuths, Detective-Inspector Grogan and his lugubrious assistant Detective-Sergeant Manning.

The book won a London

"Book of the Month" selection, and has also been chosen by the Detective Book Club of New York for a special award.

Margot Neville is well known to our readers as the author of several of our most popular serials, the last being "The Seagull Said Murder," published early this year.

Numerous short stories by the same author have also appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly.

The two women who are "Margot Neville" share a charming house set in a large garden at Hornsby, N.S.W., and have been writing together for 10 years.

Another novel with a provocative title is "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp," by television playwright Charles Terrot. This is a humorous and original story in which sentiment, fantasy, and realism are happily combined.

Just before closing time on a certain May afternoon a beautiful girl walks into a second-hand shop with a full-sized harp. There is an air of mystery and wonder about her. Is she an angel? She behaves like one. She looks like one. Yet she is trying to raise money on her harp—of all things!

Among the other free novels to be published is "Ready or Not," by U.S. writer Mary Stolz.

This charming and sympathetically written book is the sometimes happy, sometimes sad story of

Morgan Connor, who, on the death of her mother, is left to bring up her young brother and sister.

Morgan, a child herself, has to grow up fast, and the author has described her transition from adolescence to womanhood with a deep and rare understanding.

Women will love this story, and every girl will find her own problems mirrored in those of its appealing heroine.

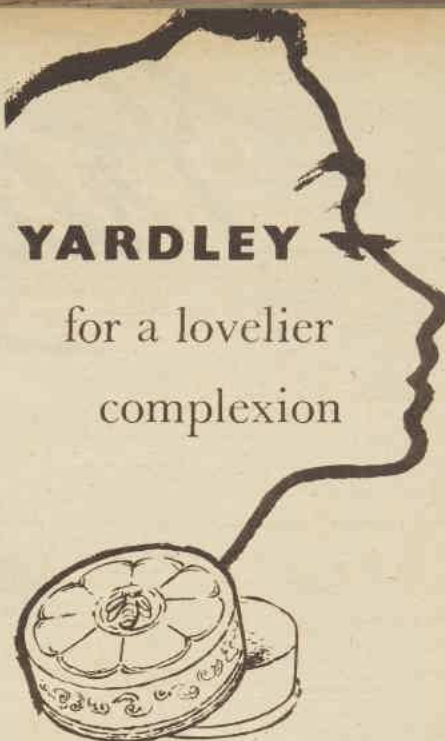
Readers will also enjoy "Appointment in New Orleans," by well-known American writer Tod Claymore.

This is an exciting story of mystery and intrigue with an unusual romantic flavor, set in the gay, cosmopolitan atmosphere of New Orleans.

The book opens with the narrator, who is also the central character, travelling by ship to New Orleans with his little daughter. The voyage promises to be dull until a strange girl suddenly steps into his cabin from nowhere.

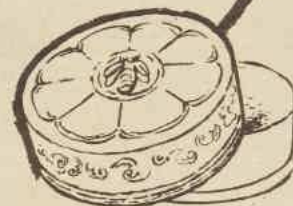
From then on events move swiftly to a dramatic climax.

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# Pretty Cottons



RED-AND-WHITE CHECKED COTTON GINGHAM is used imaginatively for the full-skirted dress (above). The bodice is moulded and finished with a deep V neckline and short puffed sleeves. It is a summer dress with a big fashion return because it looks just as pretty outdoors as in the house. Note the casual look of flat-to-the-ground ballet shoes.



FIREMAN-RED PIQUE JACKET-DRESS (above) is worn with a tiny matching toque and white gloves. The dress is slim, the jacket boxy. Red in all shades is newly important in summer day and evening fashions.



ENCHANTING WHITE SWISS VOILE PARTY DRESS (above) designed for the teenagers. The dress has a gracefully tiered waist-length skirt and strapless bodice-top. Each tier edge is embroidered in bright carnation-red.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1955



**The prettiest fashions for the holiday and cruise season are made in cottons, because there is an airy lightness about the new sheer weaves and a crisp, cool chic about the piques and gingham.**



**CASUAL COTTON SEPARATES** (right), the shirt-blouse in striped cotton, the front-buttoned skirt plain linen—the color champagne. For decor a green sunshade.



**SHEER WHITE COTTON ORGANDIE** is chosen for the ankle-length evening-dress (above). The dress is designed with a cool halter-line bodice-top and a wide, swirling skirt made in layers of organdie. The dress is mounted on white silk taffeta.



**JUST AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE** is the lace-trimmed party dress (above). The dress is narrowly belted, has a button-front, shirt-waist bodice-top, and bouffant skirt. A bunch of blue hyacinths and short white gloves complete the ensemble.



**SUN-DRESS** in a vivid shade of red cotton splashed with gold makes new color news. The wide skirt is narrowly pleated, the brief bodice-top backless. Perfect dress for summer cruising or resort wear and ideal to display summer suntan.



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## KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

# Radio, film star



COMEDIAN Billy Kerr (left) with fellow Australians Kitty Bluett and Wilfrid Thomas spanning a boomerang in an Australia Day broadcast from London. Although Billy has never lived on a farm, B.B.C. listeners regard him as the typical man from outback.

## First taste of farm life for "outback boy"

By WINFRED BISSET, staff reporter

Straw-chewing comedian Billy Kerr, with the sad Australian drawl, made his reputation on the B.B.C. in London, as the boy from the Australian outback. He is now staying with his wife's parents on their property at Beverley, W.A., but it is the first time he has ever lived on a country farm.

NOW, he says, he is up to his eyes in sheep and stacking hay, and is shooting rabbits like mad.

But when he resumes his career, Billy has decided to pull the hayseeds out of his hair and drop burlesque for straight dramatic roles.

"I want to be an actor," said Billy, who already has four films to his credit, a fifth coming up, and some hush-hush projects which he says will mean a very interesting year ahead for him.

Three weeks before he and his wife, Margaret, sailed from England he was still working on his latest film, "You Know What Sailors Are."

This film, in which Billy plays the part of a Royal Australian Navy Lieutenant, is to be flown out to New Zealand for a world premiere, and will be seen by Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh during their visit to that country in December.

Billy also played a serviceman in his previous picture, "Appointment in London," in which he appeared as a Royal Australian Air Force officer. This film had its premiere in London last February, and was attended by the Duchess of Gloucester.

Billy himself served in the Army during the war, and since his return to Australia he has been celebrating with "the chaps."

"Anyway, it's grand to be

home again," said Billy, "and we're here for a good reason, too. Margaret and I are to have a baby in December, and we want it to be born here."

Next month he is due to leave for Malaya, where he will entertain troops under the auspices of the British War Office. In February he will begin rehearsals for his fifth film, "The Dambusters," a



BILLY KERR photographed in Perth on his return to Australia from London.

story adapted from a novel by Sydney author Paul Brickhill.

Billy is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, of Kirribilli, Sydney, formerly of Wagga, N.S.W. He left Australia in

1947 to try his luck on the London stage. He says he owes his start to Joy Nichols, the girl with the heart "as large as your office table," who has been instrumental in giving many a fellow Australian an introduction in the right quarters.

Billy has always been "more or less in broadcasting or on the stage." In 1939 he joined the Wagga broadcasting station as an announcer.

Years later, when he was broadcasting from the B.B.C. in London, he used the name "The Boy from Wagga Wagga."

There was an immediate reaction from the English public. They couldn't believe any town could be named Wagga Wagga, and flooded Billy with letters asking him whether there really was such a place, and, if so, where it was.

"But," he added, "I want to try to forget all about the Boy from Wagga Wagga if I can, and make my name in straight acting."

There is no hint of the slow drawl in Billy's normal speaking voice, and he can turn on the "pukka" English accent at a moment's notice.

"Off-stage my friend Peter Finch hasn't lost the Australian inflection either," said Billy. "But a good actor can assume any accent at all. Australians have quipped me in London about my slow stage voice, and they say that Australians don't speak like that. I point out that there are plenty of North Country and Scottish comics whose countrymen don't speak like that either."

In England the Kerrs have a house at Wembley, which is always full of Australians.

"Australians do well in the entertainment world overseas," Billy said. You can't go into any department without finding that one of the higher-ups is Australian."

Next year the boy from Wagga will be back in London again, where he will undertake further engagements with the B.B.C.



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# £2500 Happy Marriage Contest

## More progress prizes awarded from hundreds of fine entries

This week's progress awards in our £2500 Happy Marriage Contest reflect a variety of approaches and viewpoints from entrants in two of the three written sections.

THESE awards have been made from the many fine entries out of the hundreds received each week.

Here are the details of the four sections in the contest:

1. Best advice to married couples from anybody.
2. Best advice for husbands from a wife.
3. Best advice to wives from a husband.
4. Most charming wedding group picture.

### CONTEST RULES

ADDRESS your entries "Happy Marriage Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may send in as many entries as you like, but each

must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

Put your own name and address in block letters at the top of each page of your entry. Write on one side of the paper only.

Written entries may be as short as you like, but should not exceed 250 words.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received.

No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Finalists of sections two, three, and four will have to sign an affidavit of eligibility.

### SECTION WINNERS

HERE are the winners of the £5 progress awards in two of the written sections:

#### SECTION 2. BEST ADVICE FOR A HUSBAND FROM A WIFE

MY advice to the modern husband is to read the best books on psychology and sex.

He would then understand, and be able to cope with, situations that puzzle the average husband.

He must never forget his wife's birthdays and other anniversaries.

For be she 20 or 60 she is bitterly disappointed if these are forgotten.

He must not think, because he hands over his pay-envelope and helps with the housework, that she automatically knows that he still loves her.

She might, but she hungers

### THE PRIZES

£1000 for the best entry in the contest.  
£250 each for the best entry in the four sections. Total £1000.

£50 each for the second best entry in the sections. Total £200.

£25 each for the third best entry in the sections. Total £100.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10, £5, and £1 for entries published during the course of the contest. Total £200.

GRAND TOTAL £2500.



FIVE POUND progress award to Mrs. J. Parker, "Clarinda," Railway Parade, Tecoma, Victoria, for this picture of her and her husband outside St. John's Church, Buckhurst Hill, Essex, England, after their marriage on July 19, 1942.

of the basic ingredients of a successful marriage—love and mutual attraction.

If you have these, it requires only knowledge to hold these forces intact and enduring.

A vital purpose of marriage is congenial companionship, and this is most likely to be achieved if both parties are relatively equal intellectually.

You may have heard people say that men do not like intelligent women. This, in my opinion, is completely wrong.

Share your husband's interests, particularly the bread-and-butter side. Do not pander

to him; men do not like being fussed over, and they admire spirit in a wife. Settle your grievances on the spot—like weeds, they grow overnight.

A sense of humor, intelligently used, is a marvellous antidote to marriage problems. Budget wisely and, most important, no secrets in money matters—money is a major cause of marriage upsets.

And finally, share a common goal, work towards it together, and your marriage will be as happy as mine.

£5 progress award to Mr. A. Rushton, 29 Fitzgerald St., Balwyn, Vic.

### HAPPY MARRIAGE CONTEST

November 25, 1953. Paste one coupon on each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. (This does not apply to Section 4.)  
I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

Signature .....  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address (block letters) .....

State .....

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# The gentle jilt

When a man wants to drop a girl who doesn't want to be dropped, he's headed for trouble.

If he jilts her after they've reached the engagement-ring stage it can mean law-court trouble. But even if they're "just friends," there'll be a certain amount of heartburning.

THAT is supposing he can actually accomplish the dropping.

Girls often give their boy-friends the brush-off. They can do it every day in the week without a qualm—even acting triumphant about it.

No man, however, can drop a girl without getting the shifty feeling that he's a cad.

Sometimes a man is desperate. He's prepared to put up with being a cad. He wants to get away, and he just doesn't know how it can be done, cad or no cad.

In the first place there's no gentle way. If you, sonny, want to drop her, drop her good and hard, regardless of the bump.

Tell her NO. Give her any sort of ruthless treatment. Slam the receiver down in her ear, let her stand on a street corner, and get used to feeling caddish.

The brutal brush-off will be the easiest in the long run—much kinder than the gentle jilt any day.

LOOK at some of the gentle ways and tell me, honestly if they'll get sure and certain results.

For instance, introduce her to a pal, then buzz off for a week somewhere.

Since no girl ever lets one man go until she's fairly sure of another, the break will be easier if she's getting a rush from some new man.

But where does a man find this convenient buddy? And how sure can he be that the idea is going to work?

There's the way of provoking a quarrel, being insulted, and so walking off in a huff. But this needs more planning and determination than most men have.

Another way is Operation Evasion, which most men fall into naturally.

Oh, the excuses this way involves! "Working back . . ."

"That boring old aunt I've got to see . . ." "Those tiresome New Zealand relations . . ." "The cricket club meeting . . ." "The chaps . . ."

On and on it goes. And all the time he's slinking guiltily along the street, hoping he doesn't by chance meet her or run into any mutual friends who might blow the story.

This is the sort of thing girls go in for in reverse situations, but a man doesn't do it so well. His nerves won't stand it. Temperamentally he can't keep it up to the bitter end.

He becomes a tottering wreck, and ends by meekly resigning himself to the inevitable.

he can't make the break he deserves the fate in store.

Girls in general—and the Bathurst burr species in particular—are so clever that they can hear the grass grow. They know what the score is in such situations. And no girl is going to respect a weak man. If she doesn't respect him, she'll tread on him for the worm he is.

MANY men sell themselves the idea that she can't live without them. "It would kill her if I broke it off," they say dramatically.

It won't kill her. She'll be miserable, undoubtedly. But she'll live to a ripe old grandmotherhood, all right.

When a man says this sort of thing he's merely suffering from a basic egotism, a feeling that he's necessary to her happiness.

Often such a feeling is justified—temporarily. But the whole relationship is on a flimsy foundation if a man, without being engaged or married and even against his own inclination, is feeling as "needed" as all this.

And he needn't pretend he doesn't like being needed. He does, and he's sucked in by it even when he's complaining loudest about it.

NO wretched masculine shifts and subterfuges would be required if a girl acknowledged the writing on the wall as soon as she saw it.

Instead, she goes into a flap of angry recriminations, injured regrets, and wept reproaches calculated to pressure him into staying. It's a vain hope.

These girls think they can hold love by force. They've never heeded the saying: Love is like quicksilver in the hand. Try to grasp it and it will run away. Let it lie on the open palm and it will stay forever.

## A bachelor's opinion :

### PAYMENT KISSES

HOW many girls have had to beat off that wolf who believes that because he has taken her out he is entitled to a kissing session in the shadows?

He doesn't consider the possibility that he is unattractive to the girl.

Or that lots of girls don't like being kissed the first time they go out with a man.

All men who try to kiss a girl good-night aren't trying to exact their "price" because they've taken her out.

Most of us men just naturally like to kiss girls.

Can you blame us?

There's of course the Bad Temper Treatment. But often the fact that a man is chronically cross, reluctant, and irritable merely stimulates some girls.

NO man should let his resolution to end it be shaken by the fear of hurting her.

He'll hurt her, anyway. That's inevitable. He simply has the choice of a series of small hurts or one big one.

Often when he's arguing his hardest that he doesn't want to hurt her, he means that he himself can't stand the scene the break is going to involve, and he jibs at being hurt himself.

If a man is so weak that

## DISC DIGEST

tions from Disney shorts, "Susie, the Little Blue Coupe" (DO70003) and "Lambert, the Sheepish Lion" (DO70004). They introduce songs and sound effects, and the storyteller is Sterling Holloway, a sympathetic and folksy party who appeared in some of the last Shirley Temple moppet pix. Slightly more ambitious is the two-record set, in album, of "Flick, the Little Fire Engine" (MGMS155/6).

### FOR my Christmas stocking

I want another two-disc set (Z967/8) called "Richard Rodgers Suite," a Louis Levy presentation of 12 Rodgers

tunes composed when he was collaborating with the late Lorenz Hart. Musical comedy and dance fans will enjoy having such old favorites as "The Girl Friend," "Mountain Greenery," "Thou Swell," "Where or When," "Dancing on the Ceiling," "My Heart Stood Still," and "Johnny One Note."

JASCHA HEIFETZ has made a magnificent new recording of Saint-Saens' "Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso" on ED1236 with the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra. If you know the work you'll want it, but if it's new to you, try to hear this really thrilling composition.

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with the human touch, who had had her eye on Robert for ages. She wanted to do one of his plays all right, but still more she wanted him—his dark, untidy, absent-minded good looks, his warm, quick gestures, his humor, his violence, and his sudden tenderness. Valerie clenched her hands, telling herself that Madie was only a symptom of failure, not the cause of the failure itself. If it wasn't Madie, it would be someone else . . .

The sun fell smoothly through the wide space where the Temple roof had once been, and she felt her tired, tense body relax.

It had been a queer sort of afternoon. The sense of unreality, of having stepped out

## Continuing . . . Afternoon In The Sun

from page 5

of her proper place, had never left her. What with that, and the ceaseless nagging of her personal problem, she felt quite worn out. She leant back, forgetful of her precious olive-green linen suit, against an ivy-twisted column that was warm with sunshine . . .

She sat up abruptly, aware that someone was climbing up the gravelly path towards her.

It was . . . golly, it was the Dreadnought! Her Headmistress' tall figure rounded the last curve of the path and came into full view. Valerie blinked bewildered eyes. What had happened? Had she been

asleep, then? What time was it? Was it her night for taking prep? Why was she sitting . . .

Oh goodness, yes, now she remembered. She'd come out here after tea—that was right!—after tea—and sat down in the sun to try to think out the problem of Marjorie. And then . . . the sun must have been very warm and soothing . . . everything else seemed vague . . .

The Dreadnought reached the top of the path and paused a moment, looking back over the wide view of school build-

ings and grounds that was visible from the small plateau on which the Temple stood.

She was wearing one of her usual long, grey dresses with white collar and cuffs and long sleeves; a woman strongly built as well as tall, with a back like a ramrod and piled-up, snow-white hair.

She turned round. Valerie was already on her feet, brushing the dust from her gym tunic, her heart thumping guiltily.

"Well, Valerie? And what are you doing here, all by yourself?"

Her voice was what certain writers call "well-modulated." Like everything else about her, it was always perfectly under control.

"I—I came out here after tea, Miss Wilbraham. I wanted to think. And I—I must have fallen asleep . . ."

"Then you must have done some very hard thinking." The Dreadnought's smile, like her movements, was slow and deliberate, but it held all sorts of delightful possibilities, so that one felt if one came to the last extremity, there was simply nothing she wouldn't understand.

She took out a large, clean white linen handkerchief and brushed a grey dust from one of the lumps of stone. "Sit down. I'm going to. I think I've earned a rest after that climb."

They sat side by side, the woman and the girl. Neither spoke. Valerie felt her heart grow heavy again with her remembered trouble.

At last the Dreadnought said calmly, "Now, what's all this nonsense about between you and Marjorie?"

Valerie felt her cheeks flame. She swallowed hard, conscious of an appalling desire to cry,

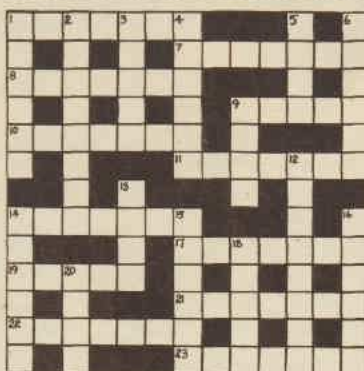


## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

1. Mob rage if stirred: up could be impediment (7).
7. Act in play by class (7).
8. Had rule but could be lacking (7).
9. Indistinct mainly a shivering fit (5).
10. Orchid with nothing inside to be found in most tea-cream (7).
11. A mineral and an upturned large deer glimmer (7).
14. Sounds as if William is indebted to large waves (7).
17. Is it green? Then it is complete in itself (7).
19. A famous French sculptor (8).
21. Grim ape (Anagr. 7).
22. Passage for end of prayer (8).
23. Drinking places for a swamp in a vessel (7).

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

1. Sailed in the French drinking den (6).
2. Mob a liar (Anagr. 5).
3. Revolutionary whose head is full of mixed beer (5).
4. Musical productions of a poser (6).
5. Such suit it tedious (4).
6. French scientist who declares that he is a French father (6).
9. You reach this vessel by way of fifty (4).
12. In the bush and on the left side of the Australian coat of arms (8).
13. Heavenly body (4).
14. Beer spilled on a short foot could be left desolate (6).
15. Once they endangered ships, now they only make a big noise (6).
16. One of the four who are only three (6).
18. Test of a confused liar after tea (5).
20. Half a thousand are in venture (4).



Solution to last week's crossword.



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## FISHAPHOS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - November 25, 1953

# Worth Reporting

**TERRY HUDSON,** only survivor of the quadruplets born to Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Hudson, of Gilgandra, N.S.W., on October 6, is doing very well, thank you.

We went to see Terry at the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, Sydney, where he has lived since a week after his birth at Gilgandra District Hospital.

Masked and under the guidance of Sister B. Gibbs, sister-in-charge of the nursery, we found Terry, a tiny, fair-haired, rosy chap, wriggling around vigorously in his humidicrib.

"He's unusually active for such a small baby," Sister Gibbs explained as we watched him throwing his arms and legs about in the air.

Only 2lb. 8oz. when he was first weighed at Crown Street, the baby's progress has been uninterrupted. When we saw him he weighed 3½lb. and was calling for food.

He eats well. As well as normal feeds he has the extra vitamins which all premature babies at the hospital are given.

Terry will stay on at the hospital for some time yet. He will have to scale about 6lb. before he's allowed to go home.

## Australian Guys and Dolls

"WAKE yourself up, there's a girl!" commanded Mrs. Marion Brown, of Flemington, N.S.W., as she slapped Miss Australia over the head.

Miss Australia, who was attached by colored string to the hand of Mr. Churchill, opened her eyes instantly.

She and Mr. Churchill were dolls on view with 498 others at the Sydney University Settlement.

"Mr. Churchill holds all nations in his hand," explained Mrs. Brown, who made and dressed the dolls, which she exhibits for charity.

We passed on to view Christopher Robin Saying His Prayers, the Seven Dwarfs in a house built of matchboxes, Queen Elizabeth I with Sir Walter Raleigh, Red Riding Hood and the Wolf, Bible characters Ruth and Naomi, and a Salvation Army band.

Surrounded by admiring child dolls, the band comprised two Salvation Army lassies playing a tamborine and an accordion, a male drummer, and an intoxicated female on the point of repentance.

Mrs. Brown, who told us that she was a "lassie" in the Army herself, made the dolls and tiny uniforms from scraps of her own uniforms.

Always a doll-lover (Ruth, her favorite, was given to her at the age of nine), Mrs. Brown started dressing dolls and creating tableaux to raise money in wartime.

The exhibition, which lasted three days, proved that the dolls could raise money in peacetime, too.

We can now reveal that some of those lovely lilac displays in shop windows of a N.S.W. country town which held a spring flower carnival were made of crinkly crepe paper. Lilacs were late blooming this year.



"Real flurry of activity here a minute ago, Karriet. Old stay-at-home turned another page."

## He copies music for a living

IN an office overlooking Ash Street, Sydney, we watched Mr. Clark Gibson rule a staff of music (the five parallel lines on which the notes are to be written) with a five-pointed pen, made 30 years ago from a condensed milk tin.

"There isn't anything to beat it," said Mr. Gibson.

He uses all sorts of improvised tools when preparing a composer's manuscript for the printer.

"The hardest thing of all," explained Mr. Gibson, "is getting the note in between two lines."

He demonstrated with a wooden-handled, metal-tipped stamp, which was first dabbed into ink, then firmly touched to the paper.

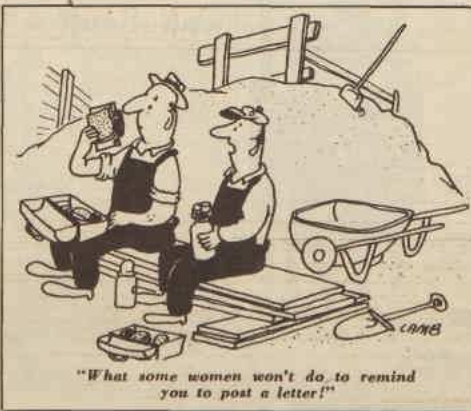
In a rack beside him were dozens of stamps for clefs, crochets, sharps, and flats. In front of him were celluloid stencils, cut into the right form for making phrasing marks.

When preparing a song for publication (he was working on one of Smoky Dawson's), Mr. Gibson prints the words on a fount at home, then cuts out the long strips which appear in printed form beneath the music.

After 40 years in the music world, Mr. Gibson has prepared many textbooks, albums of great composers, and other musical works for printing, which is usually done by the offset method, a modification of the old lithographic process.

Composers whose work he has copied from the original MS. include Fritz Kreisler, Alfred Hill, and Werner Bauer.

He says it takes him nine hours to copy a two-page song, and that although he loves music he has never tried his hand at composition.



"What some women won't do to remind you to post a letter!"

## Poultry dressed and undressed

JUST back from London, where she spent last Christmas, a friend of ours reports that it's good to see poultry plucked and ready to take away for sale in the shops here.

In London, she says, chooks, turkeys, ducks, and pheasants dangle by their feet still arrayed with full plumage.

After a shopper chooses her bird, the salesman whisks it into a back room, removes feathers with a blow torch, and generally trims the purchase up.

She told us also that rabbits and hares on sale wear their own fur coats—apparently to keep them from freezing in the British winter.

## Third-dimensional fashions

A VISITING Swiss cotton expert, Gus Zoller, tells us that by next year Australian women will go third-dimensional. He has brought the first 3-D dress materials here.

Screen-printed cottons of intricate designs incorporating flowers, butterflies, and shells are so fine in texture that they feel like silk.

But when you step back to get the all-over effect the design seems to spring into relief as if some of the motifs were hovering about an inch off the material.

In the butterfly design, for instance, the butterflies seem to be fluttering across the fabric as it moves.

The prints are washable and Mr. Zoller guarantees that they will keep their third dimension no matter how often they're pressed with the most flattening iron.

"BLIND people are the best knitters in the world because they work quickly and evenly," says Londoner Betty Doyle, who has 60 blind knitters producing top-flight knitwear in her fashionable Knightsbridge salon.

First-class designers create the patterns, which are knitted by hand and sold to such famous customers as Vivien Leigh and TV star Elizabeth Allen.

"It gives my knitters a thrill to think smart women are wearing their clothes," said Miss Doyle, who started her salon six months ago with a staff of six knitters and has since taken 54 blind workers on to her payroll.



PERFUME CRACKERS

Two bright red Christmas Crackers, each holding a phial of Goya Perfume, in beribboned box. 9/6.



HAT BOX

A fancy Hat Box containing two of the newest, dainty handbag phials of Goya Perfume. 9/6.

## Happy Christmas darling!



TREASURE CHEST

Goya Perfume in a beautiful ivory gift casket. Price 12/6.



PERFUMED TALC.

A feather-fine Perfumed Talc in lovely pastel-blue floral tin. 4/11.



SMALL COLOGNE

Luxurious Goya Perfumed Cologne, elegantly boxed and echoing all the Goya fragrances. 6/6.



HANDBAG PHIAL

Goya's newest, smartest phial of luxury Perfume puts heaven in her handbag all the day. 4/6.

Sole Distributors: James Hare & Co. Pty. Ltd., 409 Collins St., Melb.

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all the year round...



more fun if your second radio is a portable powered with



PORTABLE RADIO BATTERIES

The one brand recommended by every leading manufacturer of portable radios because this mighty midget packs far more power and lasts longer, too.

The trademark 'Eveready' distinguishes products of Eveready (Australia) Pty. Ltd., Rosebery, N.S.W.



# Which Twin has the Toni — AND WHICH HAS THE EXPENSIVE PERM?

(See answer below.)



**Toni**  
with PERMAFIX  
leaves your hair lovelier,  
more natural than ever

Hair styles  
by a leading  
coiffeur.

Now that summer's here, you'll want your hair to look its best and brightest. Gentle-acting Toni with Permafix—the new wonder neutraliser—actually conditions your hair to silky, natural softness while giving you a perm that looks and acts immediately like naturally curly hair. And remember—Toni costs so little you can afford to have one right now, or just when you need and want it.

★ Judith and Lynette Spence are identical twins. Judith (on the right) has a Toni and her sister an expensive perm. Yet you can't tell the difference.

**Toni** HOME PERM  
WHOLE HEAD REFILL 12/6  
End Curl Refill, 9/4 Whole Head set of SPIN Curlers. 12/3

Whenever you need a perm  
you can afford a **Toni**



## Continuing . . . Afternoon In The Sun

from page 40

against the Dreadnought's knee. "Then isn't it just possible that Marjorie may have the impression that you don't think very much of her, either?"

"Oh, but—that's different!" Valerie found her defensive glance held by the Dreadnought's wise, calm gaze.

"I mean—I'd never have said all those things if—if Marjorie hadn't said what she did to me, first! Only I felt after that it didn't matter what I said, because if she isn't fond of me any longer . . ."

"But she thought you didn't care about her, because you didn't go and watch her playing in the match. You dealt the first blow, Valerie. And that's why I think it's up to you to make the first efforts towards peace."

"But—I couldn't!" Valerie's look was horror-struck. "Miss Wilbraham, she wouldn't listen to me! She hasn't even looked at me for days!"

A kind of radiance had come into the Dreadnought's face; a look of mingled strength and gentleness, in the presence of which Valerie felt suddenly awe-struck and humbled, as she did sometimes in church.

"Valerie, if love is worth anything at all, it's worth a risk being taken for its sake. For all you know, Marjorie may be longing for some sign from you that all's well again. But like you, she's afraid of a rebuff. And she's been twice hurt to your once—remember that! If I were you, I'd take the first chance I had to say I was sorry—or at least, to show that I was. You don't necessarily need to say anything to someone whom you love."

She stood up. Valerie stood up, too, from force of habit, though her mind was burrowing away from the idea of tackling Marjorie as frantically as a scared rabbit down a hole.

The Dreadnought looked at her.

"Take a chance, Valerie!" she urged softly. "At least, if you fail, you'll have tried. And if you succeed . . ."

Her smile was suddenly dazzling, so dazzling that Valerie was blinded, as if she had been looking at the sun. She knew that the Dreadnought was walking away from her down the path, but the dazzle in her eyes was so bright that she didn't see the familiar grey figure disappear. Her face was burning. In her mind was a bewildered certainty that she had to do something—something the Dreadnought had told her to do . . . something . . . something . . .

Yes, the sun had got right round into the west now and was shining full into her face. It must be getting late. And there was something . . . something she had to do. What was it? Find someone . . . Mar-

jorie? Yes, of course, the Dreadnought had told her so. Just now. While they were sitting here together . . .

Just now? Valerie stared down at her knees, which only a few seconds before had been scantily covered by a navy-blue alpaca gym tunic. She was wearing the olive-green linen suit in which she had given away the prizes.

Then . . . Of course, it had been a dream! Vivid, incredibly so; but still a dream. And yet . . . she sat bolt upright on her lump of stone, staring at the other lump on which, in her dream, the Dreadnought had been sitting.

That conversation . . . she remembered it. It had actually happened—more than fifteen years ago, in her last summer term at school. She and the Dreadnought had sat in the Temple one sunny afternoon, discussing her quarrel with Marjorie.

She'd made it up with Marjorie that very same night. She'd taken from her locker a book which had just arrived from home, a book she knew Marjorie was dying to read.

**V**ALERIE had gone to the Sixth Form room with it and there, by one of those strokes of luck which happen far more often in real life than real life is ever given credit for, had found Marjorie alone.

"Hallo! I say, you wanted to read this, didn't you? Mother's just sent it. I've heaps to read at the moment—you can have it before me if you like."

Her performance had been perfect—casual, light, with an undertone of familiar affection. No one would have guessed from it that she was sick with nervousness.

But Marjorie, no actress, had snatched at the book, muttering gruffly. "Thanks. I'd like it. Look—do you want someone to hear that old part of yours in the play?"

Then they'd both blown their noses loudly and simultaneously, and at once their overwrought emotions had spilled over into helpless laughter that, like a clean, strong wind, had swept the last traces of their quarrel away.

"Take a chance, Valerie! At least, if you fail, you'll have tried! And if you succeed . . ."

Valerie got quickly to her feet. The voice had sounded so close to her ear that she looked round instinctively for the white hair and grey dress.

But the Temple was empty. The Dreadnought had gone away down the path—was it fifteen years or fifteen minutes ago? As part of a dream or of what? There are more things

in heaven and earth, Horatio. The girls had said the Temple was "spooky."

But it wasn't. It was full of warmth and safety and goodness and the echoes of the Dreadnought's voice, tumbling down the years to this moment when Valerie needed them.

"If love is worth anything at all, it's worth a risk being taken for its sake . . ."

"For all you know, Marjorie may be longing for some sign from you that all's well again . . ."

"Take a chance, Valerie . . . take a chance . . . take a chance . . ."

It was late when she got home from the theatre that night.

Friends had come round to her dressing-room, autograph-seekers had held her up at the stage door. But there was still a rim of light showing under the door of Robert's study when she let herself into the flat.

She took off her coat and gloves, braced herself, and went into the study.

The desk-lamp was on, but the rest of the room lay in shadow. Robert glanced up sharply as she came in. In the lamp's white light, he looked careworn and none too pleased at being disturbed.

"Oh, Hallo."

"Hallo, Robert." She shut the door behind her and leaned against it. Her heart was beating so violently that it made her feel sick. Take a chance, Valerie! If you fail, at least you'll have tried . . .

She said, "I've made up my mind about that offer from the Atlantis people."

"Oh?" He passed a hand wearily over his face and hair, and she, knowing the gesture, thought in despair, he's not interested any more. I've waited too long. Made Phillips

If love is worth anything at all, it's worth a risk . . .

She steadied herself, forced her disciplined, obedient body away from the door and towards him.

"Yes, I've decided—not to go. It's too long a time to be away. Robert, I couldn't stick it. I'd miss you so dreadfully."

The sudden quaver in her voice was no stage trick. She felt her self-control deserting her and caught the edge of the desk to steady her morale. Robert pushed back his chair with a noise that sounded very loud in the silence.

"Would you?" he asked.

His voice has gone all funny, Valerie thought. But she couldn't look at him. She could feel him coming towards her round the edge of the desk.

She had to ask it. "Would you—like me to stay?"

Now she'd know. By his voice. By the very first word.

"Idiot!" The harsh whisper sent a shiver of ecstasy up and down her spine. She brought her eyes up to meet his. He was looking at her in the old, familiar way, almost as if he hated her.

"I—didn't know." The Dreadnought had been right, then—fifteen years ago, today—whenever she'd said them, the words were imperishable. If love is worth anything . . . "I thought—"

"Don't think! I've always told you—I do the thinking in this family! And don't stand there looking as though I'm going to give you a black eye! Come here! Valerie . . . Valerie . . ."

They knocked over the reading lamp between them, but it didn't break. And if it had, neither of them would have minded.

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## FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM





# DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● Well established as a summer fashion is the bare-topped resort dress which, with its own jacket, can be adapted to city wear. A dress with an on-and-off jacket is illustrated on this page.

THE fashion flash above answers a reader's problem, and as a practical suggestion I believe it will help many other budget-minded girls.

Here is the reader's letter:

"I would like to make myself a new frock for the Christmas holidays, and want something really outstanding. I find it so difficult to dress on a small budget and am looking to you for advice on the best choice. I am a business girl with the usual social interests at weekends — movies, swimming, etc."

I do not think there is any summer fashion for a large or small wardrobe more attractive or prettier than a bare-topped dress and matching jacket. It is an ensemble which can be made in any material, but my choice would be cotton. Furthermore, it can be worn with or without the jacket as the occasion dictates.

The ensemble illustrated on this page is a perfect example of this theme. A paper pattern in stock sizes is obtainable for the design. See caption with sketch at right for details.

Here are other fashion queries from readers, and my replies:

"I AM being married early next autumn and am anxious to plan and buy the materials for my own frock and the bridesmaid's frock as soon as the new materials are opened. Would it be possible for you to let me know the most popular bridal colors to be worn next year?"

There is a general elegance and richness about material and colors for the autumn bride and her attendants. Creamy colors, such as pearl, ivory, and off-white, are newer than clear white. The most popular materials are satin, satin combined with heavy lace, velvet, and brocade.

Jewel tones (an echo of the Coronation) will be the most popular colors for the autumn bridesmaid—especially topaz and a soft amethyst.

"WOULD you please plan the correct hat, costume jewellery, and other accessories to wear with a beige linen suit? I would like suggestions for color and details in something a bit different from the same old black or brown accessories."

I suggest you wear the following accessories with your beige suit: A cloche hat in fine straw, matched exactly to the suit and trimmed with two narrow bands of carnation-red,

coarse cotton gloves in the suit color, a matching canvas bag accented with dark chocolate leather, and pumps in the same leather. Complete the ensemble with heavy gold costume jewellery—hoop earrings and a link bracelet.

"I HAVE about three yards of plain blue linen and the same amount of blue-and-white narrowly striped cotton, and wondered if you would offer a suggestion to combine both materials for an outfit."

I think your two materials would make a very smart summer suit. Use the striped material for a slim-line skirt and the solid-colored linen for a tailored jacket. Have the jacket hip-length, waist-fitted, and finished with above-elbow-length cuffed sleeves.

"I HAVE some good navy taffeta to make a frock for social occasions and, as I want it to be very nice, I am writing for a few hints about styles for a woman in her forties with a 38in. bust measurement."

Any of the following style points are in fashion for formal dressing: An open neckline moving towards the shoulders, push-up bracelet-length sleeves, and a skirt with controlled fullness below a smooth hipline. My suggestion for your navy taffeta is a one-

piece dress. Have the bodice-top cut with a shallow, oval neckline and bracelet-length sleeves narrowing into a tiny cuff. Have the skirt "bellied" gently from the waist.

For a trim, I like the idea of shirred bands made in matching chiffon, approximately two inches in width. Have one band to outline the neck and three to circle the skirt. Place one at hip level, one mid skirt, and the third above the hemline.

"I AM very conscious of my extremely thin thighs and legs and, as I am fond of the beach, my bathing-costume and beach clothes (I like to wear shorts) are a real problem. Would you please help me with an idea for a bathing-suit, as well as one for a sun-suit?"

The bloomer-legged suit, which is very fashionable this year, will help disguise your figure fault. You can utilise the idea for a sunsuit as well as a swimsuit. For instance, bloomer pants in black cotton could be worn with a red-and-white checked cotton shirt. Have the shirt buttoned up to a round, collarless neckline finished with a band of self material, and have set-in sports sleeves.

The swimsuit could be in one piece — they are newer that way — made with a fitted midriff and camisole-style top above very full bloomer legs. Fine cotton, printed or plain, is suitable for the swimsuit.



D.S. 63. — Dress and matching jacket in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 6 1-8th yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney.

## GO FOR THOSE SUMMER HEADACHES IN A BIG WAY!

To be sure that you have 'ASPRO' always at hand, ready for those often-recurring summer headaches get the giant size bottle. At 4/9 for 108 tablets it is economy buying too!

The beauty of 'ASPRO' is that it works in such a smooth, soothing kind of way that you can take it freely without fear of after-effects. 'ASPRO' does more than stop the headache—'ASPRO' calms and comforts as well—something you need particularly in summer as hot weather headaches are usually accompanied by nervousness and irritability.

A good tip for hot weather NERVINESS  
'ASPRO' with a CUP of TEA



ONLY  
4/9

for 108 tablets



'ASPRO' The giant economical family size for every household.





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Special Feature

# OUTDOOR LIVING

By EVE GYE, our Homemaker Editor

Many families now eat, talk, rest, and entertain in outdoor living-rooms when the weather is favorable.

**I**N this section we show you garden rooms which range from the simply appointed terrace to the lush roof-garden. We also tell you how to build a barbecue, and give recipes for a garden barbecue party.

Anyone with even a tiny backyard can have a colorful and comfortable outdoor living-room.

You can cut down on costs by doing most of the transformation job yourself.

The ground can be paved — or partly paved. The sky can be your

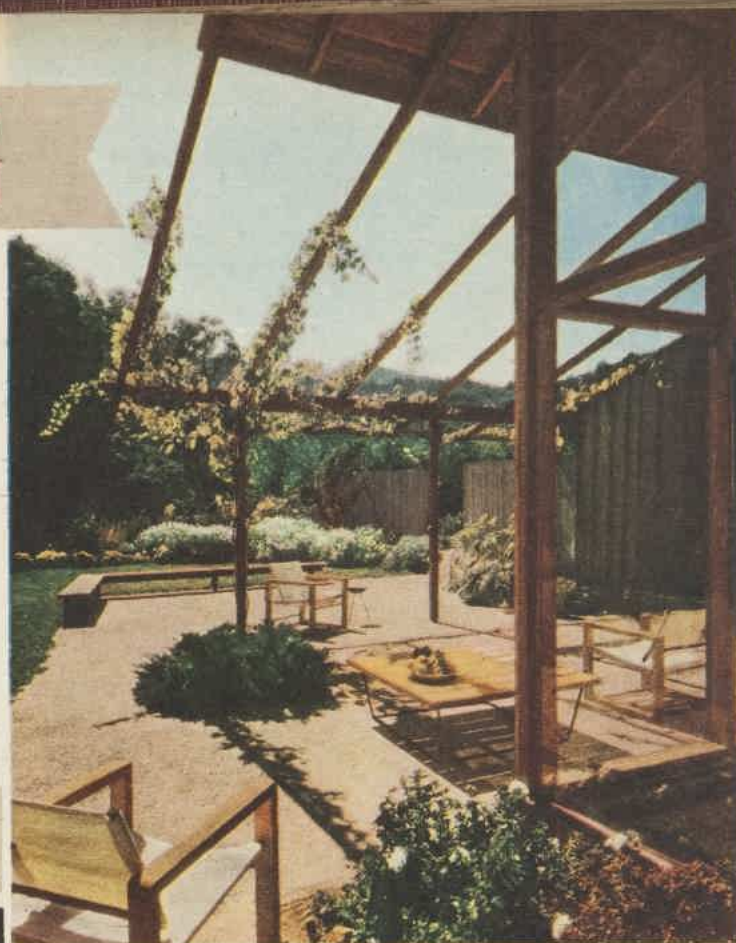
roof, or your garden room can be canopied by trees, canvas, or trellis.

Flower beds, potted plants, brightly painted furniture can be added bit by bit. In a corner, build a barbecue. It will pay dividends in family contentment and yield a rich reward in satisfaction.

Less effort and cash is required to transform a porch, balcony, or verandah into a sheltered garden room where meals, spiced with fresh air, can become a pleasant commonplace instead of a rare event.

**BELOW:** Combined living and garden room in an American home designed for year-round service. High walls and tall fence provide privacy.

**RIGHT:** Landscape artist and architect collaborated in this American garden room. Furniture design follows architectural pattern.





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TRIX lifts dirt right out!  
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TRIX—the "miracle" detergent—turns ordinary water into "magic" water which gently but thoroughly lifts out and absorbs every trace of grease and dirt. There's no need for powders, flakes or other soaps—

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Women who use washing machines often complain that suds are a problem. "If you use the full quota of soap powder," they say, "the suds often ooze right out of the tub. To avoid this I have to use less soap or less water than the machine really needs for an efficient wash."

With TRIX there are virtually no suds... and because TRIX absorbs dirt and grease, there is no scum or residue left behind on the clothes... it all goes down the waste pipe.

#### Banishes "Hard" Water Troubles

TRIX is equally as efficient in hard water as it is in soft; in fact, TRIX even works in salt water. (Remember that on your camping holiday!)

#### Hand-Laundering

Household linens, heavily soiled working clothes, dress fabrics—anything washable washes better with TRIX. While for woollens TRIX is double-magic!

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- Trix is twice as "thick" as regular strength detergents in the same size bottles (16 oz.). Therefore Trix goes twice as far!
- Trix contains twice as much as 8 oz. bottles of detergents of similar "concentrated" strength—yet Trix costs no more!



#### Own a Dish-Washing Machine?

- TRIX does a faster, more efficient job.
- TRIX dissolves grease like magic and flushes away every particle of food waste.
- TRIX leaves no streaks—makes china, glass and silver sparkle with cleanliness and virtually germ-free.
- TRIX is recommended for every type and make of dish-washing machine.

price 3/3

(slightly higher in some country areas)



BACKYARD playground for children at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Date, of Castlecrag, N.S.W., is a popular spot.

## Home playgrounds

● Two Sydney mothers have found that the easiest way to keep children happy and contented is to give them a play area in their own backyards, if possible with a pool or sand-pit.

THE two mothers are Mrs. Albert Date, of Castlecrag, and Mrs. Bernard Jones, of Pymble.

Play areas can be made in any backyard and need not be expensively constructed. Sand, water, and room to climb are the essentials. There is no need for swings, slippery dips, or see-saws.

Illustrated at the top of this page is the play area made by Mr. and Mrs. Date.

Mrs. Date, known professionally as Anita Aarons, was the first Australian to have her playground sculptures exhibited in New York, and an American educational corporation has invited her to send more of her models.

When the Dates moved into their Castlecrag home they thought that the backyard, with its steep, rocky slope, was a danger spot for their two small children.

First, they paved a level section where tricycles could be ridden and prams wheeled. Then they built a long, narrow box along against the wall of the house. Toys were kept in the box, and the lid formed a low play-table.

Mr. and Mrs. Date also built a pool for paddling and boat sailing in summer. In winter they siphoned the water out and filled the pool with sand. They planted a garden with succulent plants—the kind that go back happily after a daily root inspection.

On a low stone seat Mrs. Date put weatherproof cushions.

They hung a couple of bird-cages in the trees and bought a puppy.

Up among the rocks overlooking Middle Harbor was a small cave. Steps were built up to this, and here the children spent hours playing "Captain Bligh" and pirate games.

From the windows of the kitchen and living-room Mrs. Date could keep the youngsters in sight.

A stable door was substituted for the solid door opening from the nursery on to the playground. On wet days the top part of the door was left open.

Of course their small playground became a centre of attraction for neighboring children. They, too, loved to paddle in the little pool, build castles, and play "railways and tunnels" in the sand pit.

#### Tidiness taught

THE one and only rule made concerning the playground was that the children have to keep it tidy. When play is over for the day all the playthings have to be put away. The smaller toys go into the lidded box; the doll's pram and tricycle have their own corner in a utility room.

Mrs. Date accepts no excuses from children for an untidy playground at the close of day and they are never allowed to "wriggle out" of this simple duty. "All mothers should make a point of this," said Mrs. Date. "Toys left around can cause accidents in the dark."

Mr. and Mrs. Jones made a simply constructed swimming pool to amuse their children in the summertime at their Pymble home.

First a shallow hole was dug,



SECTION of the summer swimming pool, which in winter time is converted to a sandpit, in the playground of Mrs. Date's Castlecrag home.

and the earth piled round the edge. The excavation was then raked smooth and lined with a tarpaulin, which was extended over the earth banks and secured with tent pegs.

Mrs. Jones said that when she lived in Hongkong her children's amah used to gather all the empty tins, from pepper-pot size to big fruit tins, flatten the cut edges, remove the labels, and attach wire handles.

Children love filling tins with sand and water and emptying them out again, and can be happily occupied that way for hours.

If you can set aside an area where mess does not matter, water games of this sort will keep children amused during the coming school holidays.



SUGGESTION for a swimming pool which can be built in any backyard. It can be of any shape and in winter time can become a fine sandpit. The shallow excavation is lined with tarpaulin. (See story this page.)



# Barbecue Recipes

**Parents with teenage children find garden barbecues often solve entertainment problems.**

**T**HE family, assisted by their guests, just love to do the cooking and wait upon one another at a barbecue.

Even washing-up holds no terrors for the young things after an al fresco party, particularly when they have shared in cooking the food.

It is important to prepare and light the fire well ahead of time, so that it is really glowing when the guests arrive.

Seating accommodation should not be overlooked and a trestle table or bench of some sort from which to serve is necessary for a big party.

It's a good idea, too, to have a simple first-aid kit handy in case the cooks burn their fingers.

We suggest this menu for a barbecue, but there are other recipes on page 48.

## MENU

Grilled chops with barbecue sauce.

Grilled veal and pineapple brochettes.

Lattice peach pie.

Marshmallow apples in caramel sauce.

Salad platter.

French bread.

Coffee.

Here are preparation details:

**Early morning:** Make barbecue sauce (to be served with the chops or used for brushing them while they are cooking); make lattice peach pie and cook marshmallow apples; make coffee and strain it ready for reheating. Get all cooking and serving utensils ready.

Count out all linen and cutlery needed; allow plates for both eating and serving. See that two or three sets of salt and pepper shakers are filled. Prepare salad ingredients.

**An hour before the party:** Prepare chops and veal and pineapple brochettes; assemble salad platter.

**When the party is under way:** Grill chops and brochettes; reheat marshmallow apples; reheat coffee; slice and toast bread, or butter it and serve untoasted.

Continued on page 48

**BY OUR FOOD AND  
COOKERY EXPERTS**

*Special Feature*



## The "K & A" Mop Bucket is BETTER because...

It's the only mop bucket with the patented No Mark Rim. Shove it — drag it along the floor if you like — the K & A CAN'T SCRATCH — it CAN'T TIP OVER, either. The RAISED BASE is your safeguard AGAINST HEAT MARKS, and the GALVANIZED FINISH AGAINST RUST. And look at the rollers with their through axle — MADE TO LAST A LIFETIME.

No water is too hot, no cleanser too strong, for the K & A — you'll never have had such clean floors! Or such cared-for hands, because they never touch the water. Wringing is so old-fashioned, when with the K & A, just a light touch of your toe makes your mop as dry as a dustier!

Stay cool, fresh and clean — put glamour into mopping the K & A way. Don't be put off with just any mop bucket — look for the K & A seal of quality and be sure of long and faithful service. The No Mark Rim mop bucket makes floor-washing a pleasure!

# K & A

## MOP BUCKETS



Obtainable from leading hardware & departmental stores everywhere

To 'cap it all' the Steadiflow has a plastic screw-on travel top. It's ideal for visiting. The contents cannot spill — the teat is sealed inside the bottle.



## Steadiflow

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**SURROUND YOUR FIRESIDE WITH BEAUTY AT SURPRISINGLY LOW COST**

DESIGN: No. 8 HEIGHT: 37 1/2" WIDTH: 60"

Add the finishing touch to your living-room. Install a ceramic glazed buff-white Terra Cotta Surround, designs are readily available for open and gas fires and "Kosi" "Wonderheat" and "Wormway" stoves.

Ask your local Hardware Merchant, or write to Wunderlich Limited at Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Hobart or Launceston for catalogue and prices.

## Wunderlich

### FIREPLACE SURROUNDS OF GLAZED TERRA-COTTA

# Barbecue recipes

Continued from page 47

## BARBECUED MEATS

Allow 2 chops (or sausages), 1 sausage (or chop), and 1 veal and pineapple brochette for each of the menfolk; 1 chop, 1 sausage, and 1 brochette should be sufficient for the ladies.

Prick sausages well, arrange on grids over barbecue fire with chops and cubes of veal steak and pineapple threaded on long metal skewers. Dust with salt and pepper and turn several times to ensure even cooking.

Chops may be brushed with barbecue sauce during cooking, or the sauce may be served separately.

## BARBECUE SAUCE

One tablespoon good shortening, 1 onion, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/2 cup tomato sauce, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon mixed mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 1 thick slice lemon.

Melt shortening, add chopped onion, fry until lightly browned. Stir in flour, then liquid ingredients. Stir until boiling, add sugar, mustard, salt, pepper, and lemon. Cover and simmer 10 minutes. Remove lemon before serving.

## LATTICED PEACH PIE

Ten ounces biscuit or rich shortcrust pastry, 1 large tin peaches or 1 1/2 cups home-cooked sliced peaches, 1/2 cup syrup from peaches, 1 dessert-spoon sherry, 1 teaspoon arrowroot.

Roll pastry thinly, line 8in. or 9in. tart-plate, decorate edge. Drain peaches thoroughly, fill into tart-case. Blend arrowroot with peach syrup, stir over gentle heat until boiling. Add sherry, pour over peaches. Re-roll balance of pastry, cut into 1/2in. strips with fluted pastry-cutter. Arrange in lattice pattern on top of tart. Trim edges, glaze ends, and press on to pastry-case. Glaze with egg-white or water, bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat, cook further 15 to 20 minutes.

## MARSHMALLOW APPLES IN CARAMEL SAUCE

Eight small cooking apples, 1/2 cup water, 1/2 cup sugar, thin piece lemon rind, quantity caramel sauce (or 1 carton bought caramel sauce and 1/2 cup water), 4oz. marshmallows.

Peel and core apples, cover and cook with sugar, water, and lemon rind until barely tender. Drain carefully. Place prepared caramel sauce (or bought caramel sauce and water) in heavy pan. Arrange apples in pan, place a marshmallow on top of each apple. Heat over fire until sauce is bubbly and marshmallows start to melt. Spoon sauce over apples when serving.

Caramel Sauce: One tablespoon butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 dessert-spoon golden syrup, 1/2 cup hot water.

Melt butter, add brown sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Stir over moderate heat 8 to 10 minutes until mixture is caramel colored, thick, and leaves sides of

saucepan. Stir in water gradually, return to heat, cook 1 minute, stirring until smooth.

## BARBECUE HAMBURGERS

Two pounds finely minced beef, 2 teaspoons salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 4 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 1/2 tablespoons mixed horseradish or sharp chutney, fat.

Combine the beef, seasonings, onion, and horseradish or chutney, and pound well together. Thoroughly grease a griddle or heavy frying-pan and place on spoonfuls of the mixture. Flatten with a spoon or knife and turn to cook both sides. Serve as soon as cooked,

moderate oven 15 minutes. Baste frequently. Makes 4 or 5 servings. Place in heavy pan to be reheated over barbecue fire.

## MINCEMEAT APPLE PIE

Six ounces shortcrust pastry, 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, 1lb. currants, 3 cooking apples, 2 or 3 sticks rhubarb, 3oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons spice, juice and rind 1 small lemon, crushed pineapple.

Shred the apple, chop rhubarb and fruit finely, and mix with sugar, spice, lemon rind and juice. Roll pastry thinly and line tart-plate. Place in filling, with strips of pastry 1in. wide weave an open pattern on top. Glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven for 10 minutes, then reduce heat and cook for 20 minutes. Decorate top with crushed pineapple.

## BARBECUE STEAK

Use a choice, thick cut, lightly trimmed with fat, such as rump, sirloin, or porterhouse. Reduce fire to red-hot glowing coals; to obtain these, hard woods must be burnt. Cook the steak on a wire frame, turning several times.

The length of time for cooking depends on the thickness of the steak, taste of eaters, and heat from the hot coals. Ten to 20 minutes is usual. Season and serve as soon as cooked.

## BARBECUED SAUSAGES

Cover pricked sausages with water, slowly bring to the boil, and simmer for 5 minutes. Drain. Roll in flour and grill over barbecue fire. Cut a sandwich loaf into thin slices, either lengthwise or across. Butter slices and spread lightly with mustard or chutney. Roll a slice around each sausage and skewer with small wooden picks.

## ROAST SWEET POTATOES

Allow 1/2 to 1 potato for each person, depending on size of potatoes.

Scrub and parboil potatoes for 10 minutes early in the day. Skins should not be allowed to break. Drain well, allow to dry. Cook in coals, turning once, and allowing to cook until just soft. Split open and add a dab of butter and a sprinkling of salt and pepper before serving.

## Do's and don'ts for barbecue

- Do light the fire sufficiently far ahead of time for it to die down to glowing coals before starting to cook.
- Don't build too big a fire—you won't be able to get near it. Experiment until you can produce the right temperature.
- Do, if possible, burn hard wood, as it lasts longer and needs less replenishing.
- Do use wire-mesh grillers with handles, as they are easy to turn. For other foods, ordinary kitchen utensils may be used, but heavy-type saucepans and griddles give best results.
- Don't wear flimsy, loose garments that may blow into the fire and catch alight.
- Do keep a small green branch handy to beat out any blown sparks.
- Do attend to fire on the windward side so that the breeze will carry flame away from you.
- Don't forget to douse the fire thoroughly when cooking is completed.

Don't be HALF-SAFE!



New Cream Deodorant

## SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!

So don't be half-safe — Arrid used daily protects two ways:

1. IT STOPS PERSPIRATION... safely, effectively... for 1 to 3 days.
2. IT STOPS UNDERARM ODOUR on contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rashes, and clinging odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant — Arrid.

ARRID TO BE SURE



## Here's the PAIN



## Where's the SLOAN'S

You feel distinct comfort immediately you put on a little Sloan's Liniment. Then, in only a few minutes, the warming EXTRA blood flow induced gives you soothing relief from pain. For quick relief of backache, stiffness, neuritis, lumbago, strains and sprains.

## SLOAN'S LINIMENT 2/9

AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

## No Nappie Rash



Wise mother uses Cuticura Ointment after baby's bath and at every nappie change to keep him cool and comfortable. The mildly medicated, gentle emollient, Cuticura, soothes chafing, sores, inflammation, and deals sweetly with nappie rash.

Buy a tin today

## Cuticura ANTI-SEPTIC OINTMENT





## BUILD YOUR OWN BARBECUE

The brick barbecue pictured above, designed along American lines, can be built by anyone. It is so simple that a housewife could do the job herself without any difficulty.

**THIS** barbecue was built in an afternoon at "Winchester," the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Cleeve, at Turramurra, N.S.W.

It is set in a corner of the concrete paved courtyard. This ready-made foundation was a time and money saver. However, it is fairly easy to lay a concrete or brick foundation.

### MATERIALS REQUIRED:

- 110 common bricks, 2 bags each of cement and sand, small quantity of gravel. (If a suitable base is available, 1 bag each of cement and sand are required, and no gravel is needed.)

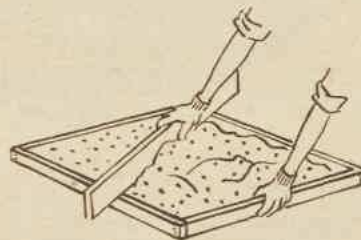
Step-by-step directions with diagrams are given on this page and continue on page 51. Follow them to success.

- Twelve or 15 iron bars, 25in. long and  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. in diameter (or about 24ft. of reinforcing rod, which can be cut into lengths with a hacksaw).

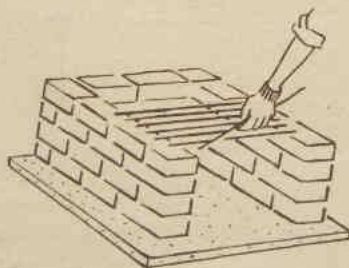
- One steel bar 2in. x  $\frac{1}{4}$ in. x 25in. for chimney support; 18in. x 24in. grill either of cast iron or heavy frame made from thick wire mesh.

- Four pieces of timber for foundation framework: two pieces 6in. x 30in. and two pieces 6in. x 36in.

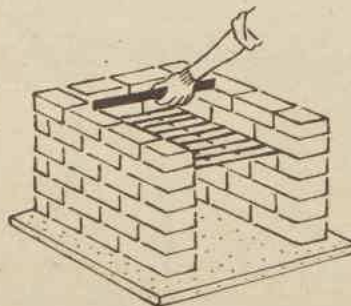
- Trowel, hammer, level and square, and bucket of water in which to soak the bricks before you lay them.



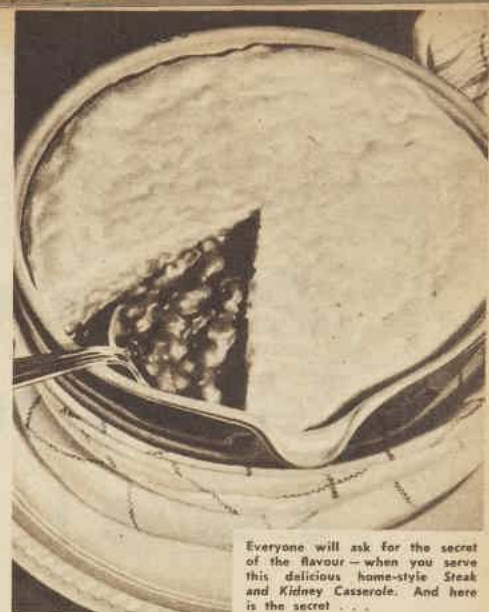
**1**—For a foundation, dig a three-inch-deep rectangle slightly larger than base of barbecue; frame with six-inch boards. Make a wet but not sloppy concrete mixture of three parts gravel, two parts sand, and one part cement. Pour into the frame and level off. Cover with a wet bag and allow to dry slowly and thoroughly before you start laying the bricks.



**2**—Lay bricks on foundation as shown, using a mixture of two parts of sand to one part of cement. (A diagram showing the technique of bricklaying is given on page 51.) To make grate, set half-inch iron bars one or one and a half inches apart on fourth row of bricks. When you have placed rods in position spread a layer of mortar before proceeding with the fifth course.



**3**—Continue bricks for two more rows above rods. Set a heavy iron bar one and a half bricks from back wall as a support for the front wall of the chimney. The chimney is built up five rows higher. It measures three bricks wide and one and a half bricks deep. (See diagram page 51.) Walls in front of chimney support grill, which can be of heavy wire mesh or iron rods. If wire mesh without a frame is used it may be kept in position by laying an extra course of bricks along top.



Everyone will ask for the secret of the flavour—when you serve this delicious home-style Steak and Kidney Casserole. And here is the secret . . .

## "Steak and Kidney" —with a difference!

### TASTY SCRAMBLE

A tasty snack for breakfast, lunch or hasty week-end meals . . .

#### Ingredients:

4 eggs; 1 oz. butter;  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of milk; 3 teaspoons Bonox; 1 teaspoon chopped parsley; 4 slices of buttered toast; pinch of pepper.

**Method:** Prepare 4 slices of buttered toast and keep warm. Heat the butter and milk in a saucepan or double boiler, add Bonox and a pinch of pepper. Now pour in the well beaten eggs and stir until the mixture thickens. Spoon on to the hot toast, sprinkle with parsley and serve at once. Serves 4.

### For rich meaty gravy

Whenever you make gravy add a spoonful of Bonox . . . you'll be delighted with the richer flavour it adds.

#### Ingredients:

1 lb. buttock steak;  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. ox kidney; 1 onion, chopped; 1 tablespoon Bonox; 1 cup water; a little dripping; seasoned flour.

#### Crust:

4 oz. self-raising flour; 2 oz. prepared suet; pinch of salt; cold water.

#### Method:

Cut the steak into small pieces, blanch and cut up kidney. Chop onion, dip meat in flour and fry. Add the Bonox and water, cover and simmer 1 hour. Now make the crust: Sift flour and salt and mix with suet. Add cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll out  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch thick to the size of the casserole. Pour meat mixture into casserole and place crust on top, making sure there is enough liquid. Cover and cook in a mod. oven (350°) for 30 minutes. Remove lid for the last 10 minutes. Six generous serves.

Remember—the secret of that richer, meatier flavour is the tablespoon of Bonox.



### Give your cooking a flavour lift with BONOX

Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks . . . add it to soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich prime beef to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift! KRA

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**Staisweet**  
The Deodorant you can trust  
**Staisweet**  
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Make Baby's Hair  
**GROW CURLY**  
4 Weeks Treatment  
3/6 EVERYWHERE  
**Curlypet**





**DELICIOUS SUMMER MEALS...SO QUICK AND EASY TO FIX**

# Velvety creamy desserts for only pennies a serve!



## Chocolate Swirl

1 packet Chocolate Mellah, 1 pint milk, 2 bananas.

What to do? Just prepare creamy Chocolate Mellah from easy directions. Cool. Pour into glasses and ruffle the surface boldly with a few swirls of a spoon. Then chill. A second before serving garland with ripe banana rings. Simply wonderful . . . wonderfully simple . . . and plenty for 4 to 6 delighted people.



## Caramel Supreme

1 packet Caramel Mellah, 1 pint milk, whipped cream, 2 passionfruit.

Here's how! Prepare melt-in-the-mouth Caramel Mellah from directions on the packet. Chill. Then pile with feathery fluffs of whipped cream and a tempting topper of passionfruit and serve. Makes 4 to 6 heavenly helpings.



## Berries on Velvet

1 packet Vanilla Mellah, 1 pint milk, any red berries (fresh, stewed, preserved).

Blissfully easy! Make up velvety Vanilla Mellah as directed on packet. Stud its golden goodness with berries. Then chill. So impressive . . . yet so simple . . . yields 4 to 6 mouth-watering servings! (Just as good with apricots, pears, prunes or peaches!)



## Taste that Chicken! Taste Continental!

**THE SOUP THAT MAKES A SUMMER MEAL!**



Salads and suchlike are all very well, but often not enough, alone, for really hearty eaters. So why not start your cold meals this summer with one hot dish? And to give your family and yourself a break, make that dish Continental Chicken Noodle Soup! Taste that chicken in all its golden goodness . . . taste those plump savoury egg noodles! One silvery packet of Continental brand makes 4 generous servings, in 7 minutes.



Write for Betty King's 1953 Christmas recipe specials — Box 2625, G.P.O., Sydney  
You're sure of the products recommended by Betty King





Continued from page 49:

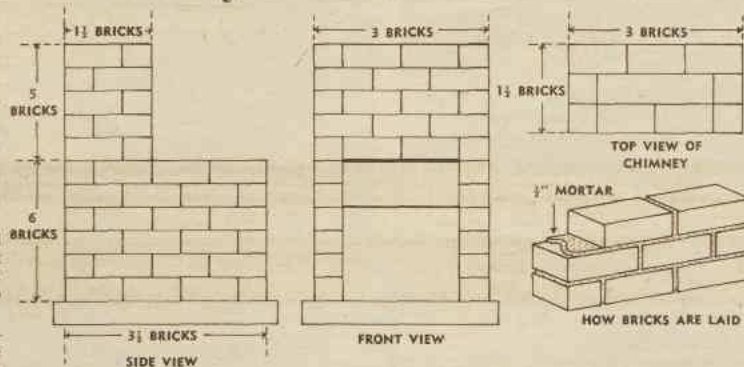
## Build your own barbecue

THE diagrams at right will also help you in the construction of the barbecue. Follow them closely, and you cannot go wrong.

● To give a neat finish to the barbecue brickwork, rake the joints lightly with the tip of the trowel or iron rod. Do this while the cement is damp.

● When the job is completed allow the barbecue to dry out thoroughly before lighting up. Give it at least a week; two weeks would be better.

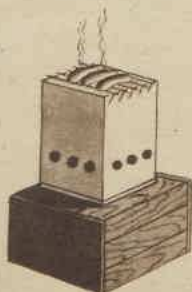
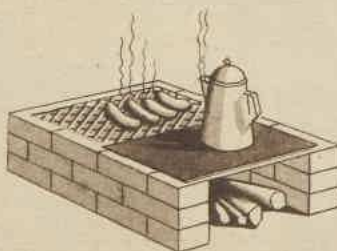
● An even simpler brick barbecue is sketched below, made up of 30 bricks. Arrange them as shown on the level ground. No mortar is needed. The grill or hot plate rests across side walls. The fire goes underneath.



ABOVE: Side view of the barbecue showing the wall and chimney. Six rows of bricks are laid before starting on the chimney, which is five rows of bricks high. The middle diagram shows a front view of the barbecue. The grate, formed of steel rods or bars, is set in between the fourth and fifth rows of bricks, and the iron bar for the chimney support is built in after the sixth row of bricks has been laid.

ABOVE: Top view of chimney. BELOW: Method of laying bricks. Dip each brick into a bucket of water and apply a pat of mortar to one end to form the vertical joint before bedding.

RIGHT: Jiffy barbecue. This barbecue can be put together in minutes. Three rows of four bricks each are used for the sides and three rows of two bricks each for the back.



KEROSENE-TIN GRILL, which can be packed into the car with wood or coal for the fire. To make, remove top of can, punch three holes four inches from bottom of each side for draught. Fill bottom of the can with two inches of sand. Lay two bricks firmly against the sides to hold grate. Fire is placed on the grate, and the grill rests on top of the can.



THE FINISHED JOB. In the picture at the top of page 49 the fire was built on the foundation instead of in the grate. The fire is lit this way for big barbecue parties, when the grate is used as a grill for quick cooking and the top grill for slow cooking or keeping food hot.

Washing keeps clothes clean ...



but it's

## SILVER STAR STARCH

that gives

them that brand-NEW look!

Nothing looks so crisp—or feels so fresh—as Cottons, Linens or Organdies starched with "Silver Star"! Wonderful, too, for table linen!

"SILVER STAR" IS THE PERFECT STARCH

- ★ Penetrates fabrics smoothly, evenly.
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—SILVER STAR STARCH IS A FAMOUS HARPER PRODUCT.—

## Want to live well ?



There's no denying the facts!

If you enjoy your food, digest what you eat, absorb what you need, and regularly eliminate the rest, you'll live well, very well! The millions who take Beecham's Pills share this secret of health and happiness. Beecham's Pills, the gentle, effective, reliable laxative, will keep you regular without upsetting any part of your digestive system.

ONE PILL ASSISTS NATURE

"I find I do need something to assist nature, and one Beecham's Pill every night is exactly sufficient to keep me regular." (Mr. F. J. W. D.)

ENJOYING LIFE NOW ...

"I find Beecham's Pills keep the eyes shining and the complexion very clear ... they are wonderful for making one feel fit and well ..."

(Mrs. M. G.)

Columns of this paper could be filled with convincing testimony that the millions of people who take Beecham's Pills enjoy above-average health. You, too, can have the same benefit.

Take one, two, or three pills at bedtime. You'll soon discover the ideal dose to give you perfect regularity.

TAKE  
**Beecham's Pills**  
TONIGHT  
*You'll feel better tomorrow!*

B57.5



# Garden rooms of today



**GARDEN ROOM** (above) at "Shadow Wood," home of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. White, of Warrawee, N.S.W., is ideal for family meals and informal entertaining. In summer, the grape vines spread over the trellis and make the stone-flagged walk invitingly cool for guests and family alike.

**HOME** of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Sheppard, of South Yarra, Melbourne (right), has a cocktail bar in a glassed-in area opening on to the garden. The glassed section has cane and natural wood furniture and a stone-flagged floor which is repeated in the adjacent open section.

Shaded or open to the sun, outdoor living areas are part of Australian family life, for they double the area of indoor rooms and are ideal for parties.

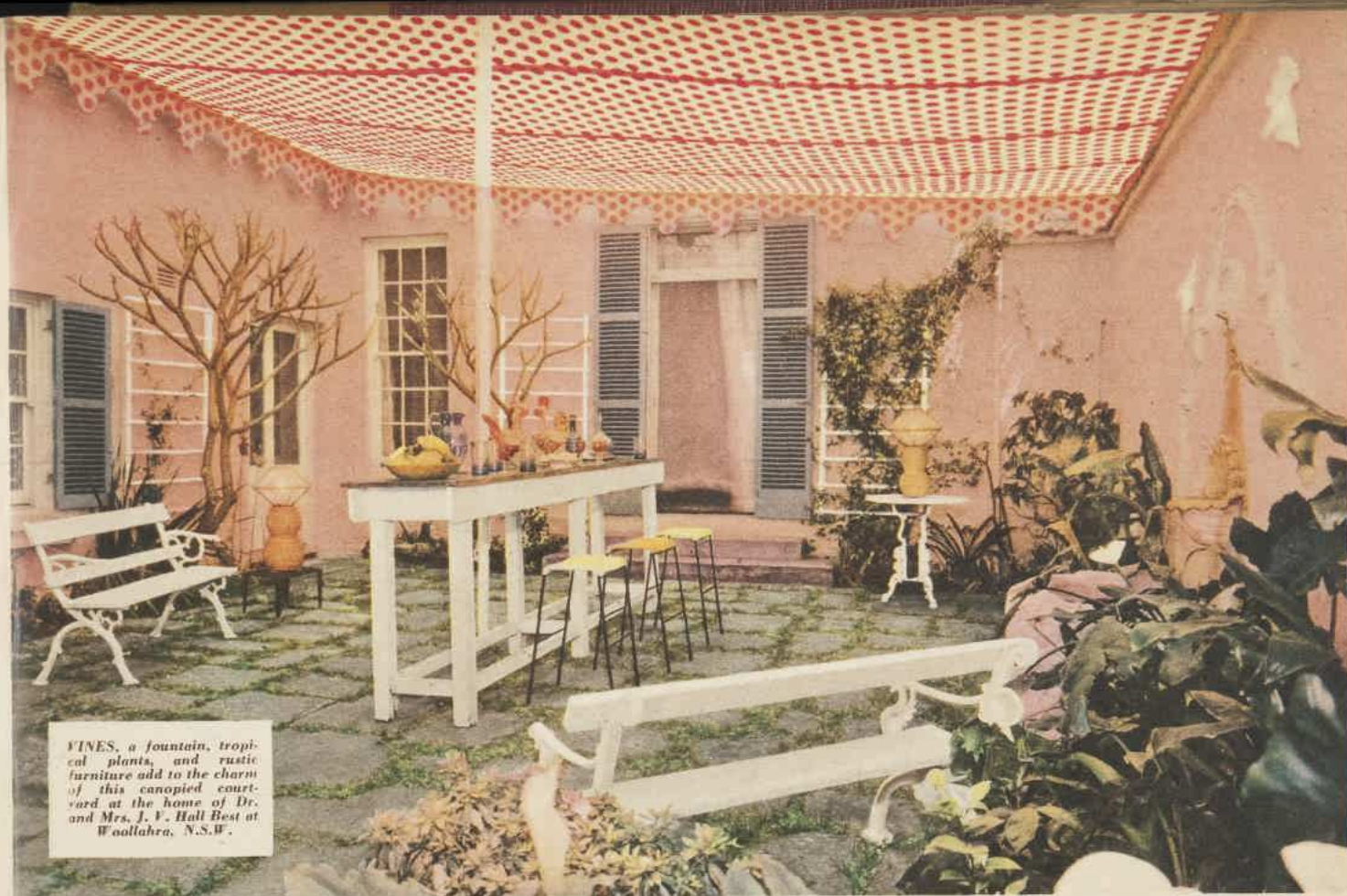


**PAVED COURT** at the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Badger, of Dulwich, S.A., is dominated by a barbecue designed by their son Langdon. A barbecue has become a "must" in many South Australian homes, and Mr. and Mrs. Badger consider theirs one of the most efficient in the State. Brightly painted chairs, an umbrella, pot-plants, and trees make this part of the garden a delightful setting for summertime parties.

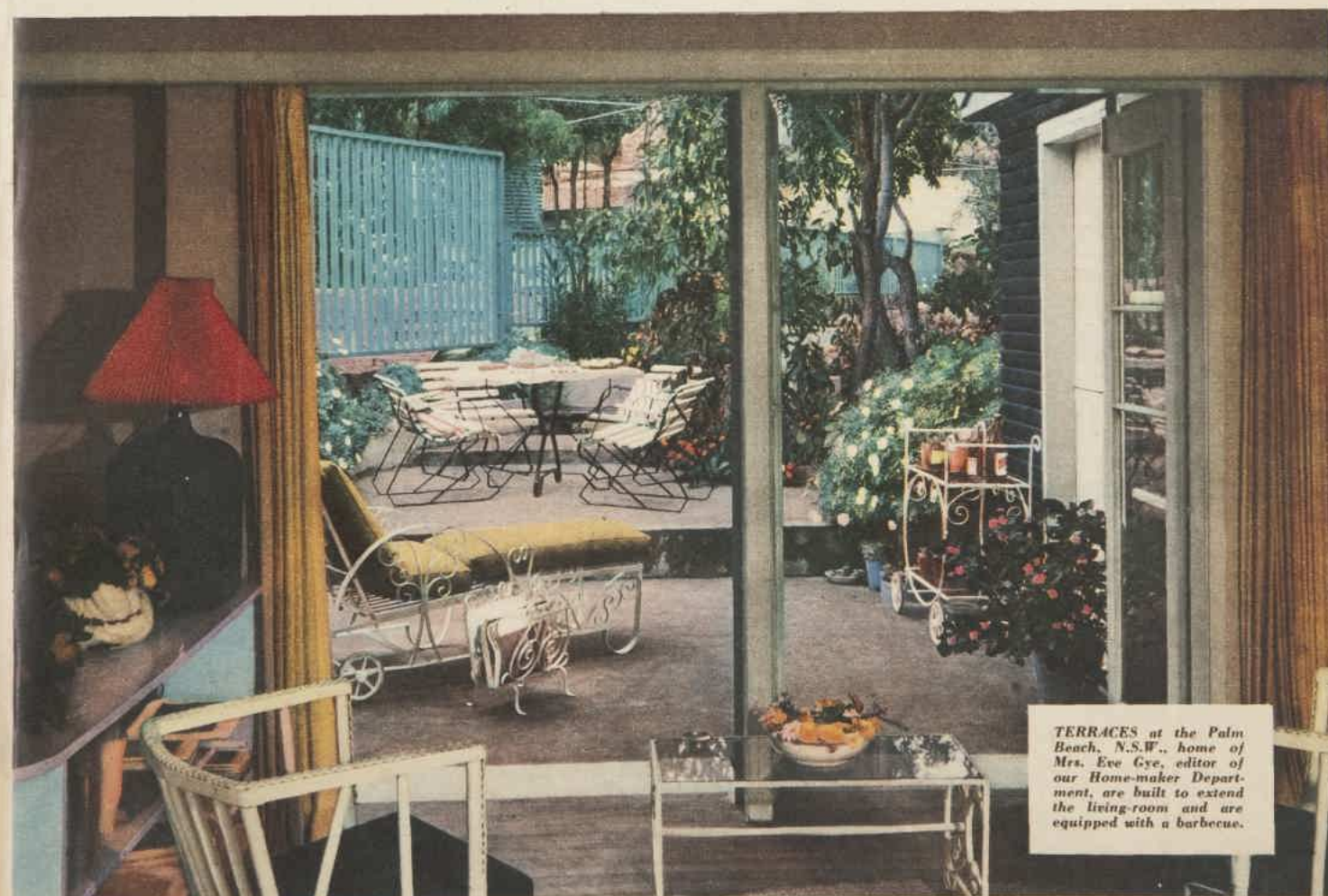


**PENTHOUSE TERRACE** built to an American plan by Mr. and Mrs. John Grant Cooper in their home at Edgecliff, Sydney, provides year-round outdoor relaxation. Doors from the living-room and master bedroom open on this area, which is comfortably furnished and has many potted plants, a vigorous garden, trees, and a pleasant pool. The atmosphere here is always one of restful serenity.





*VINES, a fountain, tropical plants, and rustic furniture add to the charm of this canopied courtyard at the home of Dr. and Mrs. J. V. Hall Best at Woollahra, N.S.W.*



*TERRACES at the Palm Beach, N.S.W., home of Mrs. Eve Gye, editor of our Home-maker Department, are built to extend the living-room and are equipped with a barbecue.*



# Tested recipes win prizes

Seasonable, home-tested recipes win cash prizes for readers every week. First prize in our contest this week is awarded to a delicious baked pudding with sherry sauce.

**A** RING tin or a cake tin with a nut roll tin standing in the centre may be used for cooking the pudding instead of a fancy ring mould.

Two meat dishes, an eggless tea-bread, and a simple, attractive sweet win consolation prizes.

All these dishes are simple to prepare, rich in flavor, and not expensive, so do try them.

Spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

## PRINCESS PUDDING

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons milk, strawberry or apricot conserve, strawberries or apricots to decorate.

**Sherry Sauce:** One egg, 1 tablespoon sugar, scant  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sherry.

Cream shortening with sugar and lemon rind. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted flour alternately with milk. Fill into greased fluted ring-mould. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Meanwhile prepare sherry sauce. Beat egg, sugar, and sherry in basin over boiling water with rotary beater until light and frothy, 10 to 12 minutes. When pudding is cooked, turn out on to serving-dish, pour sauce over and around. Fill centre with strawberry or apricot conserve, decorate with strawberries or apricots.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Ginnane, 14 Glendon Road, Double Bay, N.S.W.

## SAVORY MEAT MOULD

One pound topside or round steak, salt, pepper, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups cooked macaroni or spaghetti,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup browned breadcrumbs.

Mince steak finely, add salt, pepper, soft breadcrumbs, onion, tomato sauce, and beaten egg. Thickly grease pudding-basin, coat with browned crumbs. Line with cooked macaroni or spaghetti, fill with meat mixture. Cover with greased paper, steam  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 1  $\frac{1}{2}$  hours. Stand 5 minutes, turn out on heated dish, serve hot or cold with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. K. Dowling, Third Ave., Maroochydore, Qld.

Add grated chocolate to syrup from pears, stir over heat until chocolate dissolves. Pour around pears before serving.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Evans, 14 Seymour Grove, Brighton, Vic.

## RAISIN CARAWAY BREAD

Two cups self-raising flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon bicarbonate soda,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, 3oz. good shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup raisins, 1 tablespoon caraway seeds, 1 tablespoon vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, grated rind  $\frac{1}{2}$  orange.

Sift flour, salt, and soda. Add sugar, rub in shortening. Add raisins and caraway seeds. Fold in vinegar mixed with milk and orange rind. Fill into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot with butter.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. C. Cairns, Ainsley Park, E. Risdon, Hobart, Tas.

## PORK AND PINEAPPLE BURGERS

Six pork sausages, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon milk, browned breadcrumbs, 6 slices drained pineapple (fresh or tinned), grated cheese, tomato slices, parsley.

Remove skins from sausages. Keeping fingers coated with flour, shape meat into 6 patties the same size as pineapple slices. Dip in beaten egg and milk, coat with crumbs. Fry in small quantity hot fat 8 to 10 minutes, turning to brown evenly. Dip pineapple slices in egg-glazing, coat with crumbs, brown lightly in hot fat. Sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Place meat patty on each pineapple slice, top with tomato slices and more grated cheese. Garnish with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Martin, 8 Wingrave Ave., Epping, N.S.W.



HALVED STRAWBERRIES decorate the princess pudding, which wins the main prize this week. See recipe.

## MOTHERCRAFT

### Sun helps babies

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

**T**HE curative effect of sun for many diseases is now generally recognised, but more consideration should be given to the preventive value of sunshine.

For health and strong, vigorous growth every baby and child should have as much outdoor sunshine as possible.

However, care should be taken when giving a baby sun-baths or when children are exposed to the direct rays of the sun, as too long an exposure can have the same effect as a bad scald or burn and can be just as dangerous.

No set rules can be laid down because the skin sensitivity of individuals varies greatly, but from the end of the first month and onward a normal baby should be accustomed to gradually increasing exposure to direct sun.

Commonsense is needed in giving a baby sun-baths. The climate, season, and temperature will determine the duration of the exposure and the time of day that is best.

Care must be taken to protect the eyes, head, and the back of the neck from strong sun.

In summer months every toddler or child should wear a bonnet or hat with a shady brim or a little cotton sou-wester with a flap to protect the back of the neck.

## KITCHEN NOTIONS

**SUMMER** sweets call for tinned or preserved fruits more than winter sweets. For best flavor, open fruits an hour or two before serving. Avoid over-chilling.

**HAVE** you tried cooking leg of lamb or mutton in with corned beef? The cooked lamb has the flavor of a lightly pumped joint—not too salty, but definitely appetising.

**CRUSHED**, pre-cooked breakfast cereal, either rice or corn, makes a delicious topping for cheese-flavored spaghetti or macaroni dishes instead of the usual breadcrumbs.

**INTRODUCE** healthful grapefruit into the diet as a sweet sometimes. Combine pulp and juice of 1 grapefruit and 2 oranges with 2 mashed bananas. Flavor with brown sugar or honey, fold in one stiffly beaten egg-white. Fill into serving-dishes, chill, serve topped with passionfruit pulp and cherries.

**MARSHMALLOW** mint sauce is handy to have for quick summer sweets. Boil together for two or three minutes  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water. Add 9 or 10 chopped marshmallows, allow to melt. Gradually add to 1 stiffly beaten egg-white. Beat until cool, flavor with peppermint essence and color pale green.

## MERINGUE PEARS WITH CHOCOLATE

Five pears, 3 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 3 tablespoons chopped candied fruits, 2 tablespoons sherry or 1 tablespoon rum, 2oz. dark chocolate, 2 egg-whites, extra 6 tablespoons sugar.

Bring sugar, jam, water, lemon rind, and juice to boiling point, add peeled, halved, and cored pears. Cover, cook gently until pears are just tender. Soak fruits in rum or sherry. Drain pears, arrange cut-side up in ovenproof serving-dish. Fill core cavities with fruits. Beat egg-whites to meringue consistency with extra sugar, pipe or spoon on to pears. Bake in very moderate oven until meringue is set.

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**Pineapple Shell:** Pineapple meat, diced; 6 ozs. Kraft Cheddar cut in  $\frac{1}{2}$ " blocks; 1 medium orange, sliced; 1 medium red eating apple, sliced. **Lettuce Heart:** 1 cup cooked green peas; 2 firm tomatoes.

**Garnishes:** 2 finely sliced radishes; 1 piece red pepper; Kraft Mayonnaise.

Prepare salad makings. Arrange bed of lettuce in pineapple shell. Place quartered slices of orange next to head of shell, alternating with pieces of pineapple. Around back of shell place tomato wedges. Fill base and foreground with small Kraft Cheddar cubes. Centre these with a lettuce cup filled with green peas. Insert halved apple slices and garnish with slices of red pepper and radish. Serve with Kraft Mayonnaise.

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WFC 43



ago. Maybe if you'd been more interested then all this wouldn't have happened."

"What does that mean?" Close said shortly. "It wasn't my case then. It is now. As a matter of fact, the Automobile Squad tried to pick up Collier that day, but he'd disappeared."

"He came home, didn't he?" "All right. All right. Somebody slipped, but his wife didn't."

"I want to go in to see her." "I dare say you do. Nobody's seeing her."

"I want to be sure it's Anne Collier in there," Forsythe said stubbornly. "How do you know it is? I advised her to go to her aunt in Connecticut. Possibly she's there now."

"She's been identified by Hellinger, the superintendent," Close said, but seeing Forsythe's face he moved aside. "All right," he said, "I'll give you thirty seconds."

It took less than that. It was Anne, a slim, flat, unconscious figure on the high hospital bed, with a nurse beside her taking her pulse, and the edge of a surgical bandage on her left shoulder showing above the blanket. Neither man spoke until they were in the hall again. Forsythe because he could not.

Close eyed him. "It's pretty early, but you need a drink, fellow," he said not unkindly. "My car's outside. I'll buy you one."

Not until Forsythe had downed a straight Scotch at a nearby bar did Close say anything more to him. Then: "Just what's your interest in this case, Forsythe? You're taking it pretty hard, aren't you?"

"She's my client, and her brother was a friend of mine. Killed in the war."

"You said she came to you about a will?"

Forsythe nodded. "She knew

## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

from page 3

she was in danger if he learned about the bank account."

"So you think he did learn?" "I don't know and I don't care. Suppose she did kill him? She has a kid she's crazy about. Why try to kill herself?"

"When she realised what she'd done—"

"Don't give me that! If he threatened her with a gun, she had a clear defence, hadn't she?"

"Did she know about the wire on the stairs?"

"I didn't tell her. It's possible Hellinger did. It's not likely it was Jamison. He doesn't know her."

"Jamison? The fellow who raised the alarm?"

"Yes. He lives on the floor above. The night Anne fell, he ran down and got on the wire himself. He was pretty well banged up. I gather he still is."

They were getting nowhere. Close looked at his watch.

"Got to go," he said. "The lab. should have compared both bullets by now. Not that there's any doubt about them. Both from the same gun, a thirty-eight automatic. It belonged to him. The woman who comes in to clean has seen it in a drawer there."

"What about prints on it?" Forsythe asked.

"Don't get prints on these checkered-wood grips," Close said. "Trigger smeared, but the laboratory has it. May get something. Don't really need it, of course."

Quite suddenly Forsythe was angry again.

"The fellow was a swine!" he said furiously. "And it might interest you to know that this woman you're so ready to railroad to the chair is a lady."

Close eyed him warily. "I'm

railroading nobody," he said. "This is my job. But even the best families slip up now and then."

Forsythe felt foolish. It was silly to antagonise this man, and also it occurred to him there was something he ought to do.

"Sorry," he said apologetically. "I guess I'm excited. There's another thing, too. She has this aunt somewhere in Connecticut. Someone ought to see her. Only I don't know where she lives. I think it's back in the country, so she may not know what's happened."

"Know any way to reach her?"

"Maybe in the apartment itself. She would write, I suppose."

Close grunted, then without further words he put Forsythe in his car and drove to the apartment. As in the hospital, there was a patrolman on guard outside the Collier door, and to his evident relief Close let him go.

"I'll give the key to the superintendent, O'Hara," he said. "We're finished here. Nothing doing, I suppose?"

O'Hara grinned. "Not since the reporters left," he said. "One of them left a telephone message for you. Said to call some place in Connecticut."

Close took it and read it aloud:

"Old dame called up from this number. Didn't tell her anything, as not responsible for heart attacks in the aged."

"Know who left this, O'Hara?"

"Daily News man, I think. Don't know his name."

Inside, the apartment was spotlessly neat, except for the living-room, where bloodstains

had turned brown on the carpet, where print powder was dusted here and there, and used flash bulbs from the cameramen littered the floor.

Forsythe felt sickened, but Close had no such scruples.

"Not a bad place," he said. "Kept it nice, didn't she?"

"I said she was a lady," Forsythe said gruffly. "She lived like one."

But everything bore out Close's statement, even the chalk marks indicating the location of the ejected shells where Anne Collier's body had lain.

Forsythe stared about him, remembering the last time he had seen her. Despite the evidence in front of him, it was impossible to believe that she had killed her husband and shot herself. It was wrong. All wrong. Fred Collier might have killed her, but she had never killed him.

"It works out like this," Close said. "They were quarrelling, or he was. Maybe he had a gun. We don't know. Maybe he threatened her. We don't know that either. But perhaps he put it down and turned his back, and she got hold of it."

Forsythe tried to control himself, and for fear of the adrenalin which was making him shake with fury, he stalked to the kitchen. He was still standing there when the detective followed him.

"You wanted to come here," he said. "It's your idea . . . What's the matter?"

Forsythe was staring at the kitchen table. "Perhaps you'll tell me," he said, "why a woman starts preparing herself a glass of hot milk to make her sleep and then leaves it to murder her husband? Look at this!"



There was an empty glass on the table, and on the stove a small saucepan with the remnants of what had been boiled milk. Close looked slightly shaken.

"How do you know when she did all this?" he asked. "It was eleven o'clock when the shots were fired."

"Look around you," Forsythe said impatiently. "Dinner was over. The place was cleaned up. And would she sit quietly by and let that milk saucepan boil dry? Don't be a fool, Close. Look where she was found; by the door there. It's my guess she was in the kitchen when it happened, and she came running in, to be shot herself."

"And so what?" Close said. "It's a guess. That's all."

"Was the hall door locked?"

"I wouldn't know. The squad car got here first. Maybe the super let them in."

"And maybe not. Let's get him."

Hellinger, when he arrived, said he had not had to admit police to the Collier apartment. The door had been closed, but not locked. He had taken the officers up himself. And the little saucepan of milk had been boiling at the time.

He had shut off the gas himself.

But he seemed uneasy while he was talking, and Forsythe had a strong feeling that he was not telling all he knew. He was not the same man who had shown him the wire only a couple of days before.

Forsythe said nothing, however, and it was clear that Close had lost some of his assurance when Hellinger left. He eyed Forsythe soberly.

"Maybe you got something,

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### A WEEK'S DISHWASHING

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## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

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at that," he said. "But who the devil stood to gain by shooting both of them? Let's go over that story of yours again, about the will and so on. Maybe there's a hole in it."

There seemed to be no hole, however. Forsythe wearily repeated what he knew—Anne's fear of her husband, the radio scripts, the accumulation of the money, to be left to her son, and the way it had been deposited. Close looked sceptical at this last.

"Fool way to do business," he said. "Well, I guess that's all, isn't it?"

"If you'll agree there's a reasonable doubt about her guilt, yes."

"Didn't by any chance do it yourself, did you, Forsythe?" Sheer shock kept Forsythe still. Then: "Why would I?" he asked. "And her? Do you think I would try to kill her?"

"Suppose you're shooting at Collier and she got in the way?" Close said nonchalantly. "That's all. Not in love with her, were you?"

"I told you—," Forsythe began, violently, but Close put up a protesting hand.

"All right, all right," he said. "I'm not accusing you. I keep forgetting that you need another hundred thousand about as much as I need an extra leg. Somebody killed Collier, that's all. If she didn't, who did?"

He jerked at his hat. "Sorry to upset you. Apologies and all that. But you've laid yourself wide open, old man. What's the girl to you, if you've only seen her twice?"

"She's my client," Forsythe said, and felt himself flushing. "Also, I think you're off on the wrong foot about this case. That's as good a reason as any. Mind if I stay? I'd like to be here if the aunt telephones again."

Close nodded and jammed his hat down on his head. "Be seeing you," he said, "and give Hellinger the key when you leave."

Forsythe closed the door behind him and stood still. All along he had hoped the apartment would tell him something, but except for the milk saucan he found nothing.

Life had been hard, he thought, for the seventeen-year-old girl he remembered, with her wide eyes and tender young mouth, and in an odd way he felt that her battle was now his. It was a long time since he had felt the tender pity which shook him now. Poor, brave little Anne, he thought.

Unconsciously he had been putting off the call to Con-

necticut, uncertain what to do. Now the shrill bell in that quiet place startled him.

"Is that Madison 3-3861?" the operator asked.

"Yes."

"Danbury calling. Hold on, please."

A moment later a thin, elderly voice was on the wire. "Is that you, Anne?" it said. "Anne's not here just now. Can I take the message?"

The voice stiffened slightly. "This is Anne's aunt, Eliza Warrington," it said. "I've been trying to get her for hours. Will you have her telephone me?"

"Can't I give her the message?"

"Who are you?"

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"Just a friend."

"Well, I—I really suppose there's no hurry. I'll call her later!"

She hung up, leaving Forsythe with a sense of frustration. There had been urgency in her voice, controlled as it was. But at least so far she did not know of the tragedy.

He left the apartment reluctantly. Downstairs, Hellinger was waiting for the key. There was still something evasive about him, and Forsythe was convinced he knew more than he had told.

"What's wrong with you?" he asked menacingly. "Don't

think you fooled me upstairs. Did you shoot those people?"

Hellinger gasped and went pale. "No, Mr. Forsythe! Why should I? Collier was a nuisance, but I liked the missus. What makes you say a thing like that?"

"Where were you when it happened?"

"I'd been out. I was just coming in when that third-floor guy hobbled down the stairs. Scared to death, he was."

"Did you go up and look?"

"Not me, Mr. Forsythe. It wasn't my business, not with a gun loose in that apartment. I called the police."

"What about the Kerra, on the first floor?"

"They'd had a crowd in the night before. They said they were both asleep. Went to bed early."

"The shots didn't waken them?"

"They said something did. They didn't know what it was until they heard the police siren. They showed up then all right."

Forsythe inspected the man. Whatever he was hiding, he thought it had nothing to do with the shootings. But he was still not satisfied.

"I'll check your story with Mr. Jamison," he said, and to Hellinger's obvious relief went up the stairs again.

On the third floor he rang the bell two or three times before it was answered. Then Jamison, in pyjamas, opened the door a few inches. It was evidently on a chain.

"What is it?" he demanded.

"If you're police, I've told you all I know."

"I'm not police, Mr. Jamison. Don't you remember me?"

"Ah, Mr. Wade, aren't you? I'm not well, so I can't ask you in. What is it you want?"

"I don't want to bother you," Forsythe said. "You heard the shots, didn't you? Were they close together?"

"I guess so. Why?"

"I'm Mrs. Collier's lawyer. Naturally I'm interested. I imagine a suicide might wait a bit before—well, finishing the job."

Jamison attempted a pallid smile. "I wouldn't know," he said. "I've never tried it."

He attempted to close the door, but Forsythe held it firmly.

"Just a moment," he said. "What happened when you finally got downstairs to raise the alarm?"

"I found Mike Hellinger

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## ★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): Travel or holiday thoughts may be in the air. Disregard information obtained on November 24, since November 26 may have inspiring news.

**TAURUS** (April 21-May 20): There is the chance of a little windfall, an unexpected gift, or a much desired invitation, November 24. November 29 is fine for short journeys.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): A row with the boy or girl friend? A dust-up with the marriage partner, November 26? You can square things and increase your popularity, November 29.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): If you're looking for a job or trying to increase your income, November 25 is a sign-post, but don't let November 28 run away with your commonsense.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): Leo subjects, young or old, should step out on the evening of November 25. Love affairs prosper; you may be lucky in a matter of chance.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 23): Maybe you'll sulk, November 26, and decide to stay home and like it. Your reward will come on November 27 in an unlooked-for way.

**LIBRA** (September 24-October 23): A little adventure or meeting new people may enliven November 27. It will be up to you if you wish to continue it, November 29.

**SCORPIO** (October 24-November 22): A decision in a business matter could have a lasting influence, November 27. November 30 shows enterprise and shrewd judgment.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23-December 20): Get out and see friends, be among those present, November 27, and cultivate those who can help you. On November 29 listen and say nothing.

**CAPRICORN** (December 21-January 19): Mental and physical vitality may be at a low ebb, November 25, so don't force issues. You might make a lucky strike, November 28.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20-February 19): In some cases, November 24 will be the most important day of the year; it may set your feet in new pathways. November 29 is worth watching.

**PISCES** (February 20-March 20): If criticised, November 25, don't add fuel to the fire, answer back, or act rashly. November 27 should straighten out the tangle.



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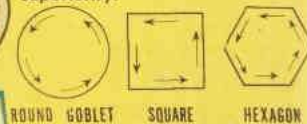
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 25, 1953

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coming in. He lives in the basement, and he was starting for it when I caught him. Now, if you'll excuse me—"

Forsythe had released his hold on the door. Now it was closed, politely but firmly, and Forsythe made his way to the street. There was apparently nothing he could do for the time.

Yet he had certain data which might be important. For one thing, he felt sure Anne's determination to make a will was involved, but how? The only beneficiary was to be her small son, unless there was something in her contract he did not know about.

He found a telephone booth and called Martha Simmons, but no one answered, and at last he hung up in disgust. Her home number was not in the book.

Out on the pavement again he stood in a sort of desperation. It was useless to go back to the hospital, although the thought of Anne lying there hurt and defenceless was almost more than he could bear. Then he remembered the aunt, Eliza Warrington would have been in her confidence. She might know something. And obviously, when she called, she had not heard the news.

He looked at his watch. It was still only eleven o'clock and Danbury was not too far away.

But Margery would worry. She read the morning paper carefully. He called her from

## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

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the garage, and her voice sounded strained.

"Did she do it, Wade?"

"The police think she did."

"Is she—the badly hurt?"

"She has a fair chance."

That's all I know. Listen, Margery, there's something I don't understand about this. Anyhow, I'm taking the car and going to the aunt in Danbury."

"Where the boy is?"

"Where the boy is," he said grimly. "Her name's Eliza Warrington, and she has a phone. Call me there if anything turns up."

He never remembered the details of that trip. He drove with his foot hard down and an increasing sense of urgency he could not explain.

It was not until he turned off the Merritt Parkway that he realised he was being followed. A small black sedan kept behind him, always at a discreet distance, but try as he would he could not shake it off. Either Close really suspected him after all, or he had finally thought of Eliza Warrington's telephone call and was sending a man to talk to her.

In an attempt to see who was in the car, he reached a curve and turned off on to a side road.

The sedan shot by, and to his utter amazement a woman was driving it. Not only that. The

woman was Martha Simmons. As she passed him, he saw she was driving with a set white face, and pushing the car to its limit.

In Danbury, however, he lost her. Either he was luckier than she or she had stopped for some purpose.

In any event, there was no sign of her when he located Eliza Warrington. She lived in a comfortable white frame house on the edge of town, and she herself answered the door. She was a smallish, grey-haired woman with a pleasant, tranquil face, although she looked puzzled when she saw him.

"Good-morning," she said. "Or is it afternoon? I lose my sense of time when Billy's not here."

He stared at her blankly. "The boy's not here?"

"Why, no," she said, surprised. "Is there anything wrong? He's not sick, is he?"

"Do you know where he is?"

She made a small, unhappy gesture. "Perhaps you'd better come inside. I've been a little worried, but what could I do?"

She led him into a neat sitting-room with a wood fire, with a row of tin soldiers on the window-sill and a blue-grey Persian cat on the hearth. She sat down in a rocking chair almost mechanically lifting the cat on to her lap and fondling it, as though for comfort and support. He stood awkwardly, waiting for her to speak.

"Just what is all this about Billy?" she said at length. "Why do you want to know about him?"

"I'm a lawyer, Miss Warrington. My name's Forsythe, and Mrs. Collier consulted me recently about a will. I'm afraid I am bringing you bad news. You see, she's in a hospital, rather badly hurt."

She stiffened and stared tensely ahead. "Are you trying to tell me Anne's dying?"

"No," he said. "She has a very good chance, they tell me."

"Did that devil hurt her?"

Forsythe sat down.

"It's rather worse than that, Miss Warrington. Fred Collier is dead. I hoped you might be able to tell me something about him. Perhaps Anne has talked to you."

She did not speak. She merely stared at him with blank, incredulous eyes.

"Dead?" she said. "And you say Anne is in a hospital? Then where is Billy?"

She was badly shocked, and it took some time to get the story from her. Something after five o'clock on Thursday Fred Collier had driven to the house and demanded to see the boy. Billy was eating his supper and Collier had gone to the dining-room to talk to him.

"He wasn't fond of his father," she said. "But when Fred said his mother wanted him to get him some new clothes, he was willing enough. I tried to keep him until I spoke to Anne about it, but while I was at the telephone Fred simply picked him up and carried him out to the car. When I finally got Anne, she was upset. She hadn't sent for him at all."

"I don't think he took him to her at all, Miss Warrington. There was no child there when the police—"

"The police! What about the police?"

He was obliged to tell her the story—the two shots, Collier dead on the floor, Anne badly hurt and suspected of the murder. She listened with dazed eyes.

"But what did he do with Billy?" she managed at last.

"He must have hidden him somewhere to threaten her. Only, for heaven's sake, Mr. Forsythe, where is he? He's only six. He can't look after himself. If he's shut away somewhere—"

"Do you know about the radio programme, Miss Warrington?"

"Yes, I listen to it sometimes."

"The point is," he went on, "he meant to make a will, leaving what amounts to a consid-

## Beauty in brief:

### For Pretty Legs

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Legs which are too thin may be developed by exercise and massage, and camouflaged with stockings and footwear.

YOU can check whether thighs and calves are under-developed by standing with the legs together; if there is a space above the ankles and above the knees, inner leg muscles are insufficiently developed.

Walking, swimming, bicycling, and, above all, climbing will help round out meagre curves.

Professional massage treatments once or twice a week over a period will also encourage shapeliness. Cream massage is helpful, provided gentle movements are used from ankles to thighs.

This heel-pulling exercise for developing the calves needs a book as a prop. Stand with the balls of the feet on the book and the heels on the floor. Raise heels until you are on tiptoe, then slowly lower heels to the floor. Repeat 10 times to begin.

Pale colored stockings, like honey-beige, have a way of looking better filled out than dark ones; shoes with medium-high to lowish heels are best.

erable sum to the boy and cutting her husband out entirely. It's just possible he knew or suspected that, and meant to use the boy as a lever; to hide him until he could get his hands on the money."

But he realised as he spoke that the police, if they learned about the child, might see in it the strongest possible motive for Anne murdering her husband.

Miss Warrington lay back in her chair and closed her eyes. "If he told her about Billy, she killed him," she said dreadingly. "I don't believe in taking human life, but she had a right to."

"Why would she? Think a minute. He was probably the only one who knew where he'd taken the boy."

"Maybe she didn't stop to consider that. I'd better go to her." She got up slowly. She seemed to have aged in the

past few minutes. "Would you mind taking me with you? I haven't a car."

He did not want her in New York, where the police could get at her; not with her conviction that Anne had killed Collier because he had stolen the boy. He recognised a certain stubbornness in her. The murder was justified, she considered. Yet to leave her in Danbury was merely to postpone what would inevitably happen.

"Of course," he said, and waited for her to get ready.

The boy was a problem, he thought. It was not a case of kidnapping; a father could not kidnap his own son. But with a man like Collier, who almost certainly had affiliations with the underworld, he might be hidden anywhere.

Also, Eliza Warrington was

To page 62



"Go ahead, move your knight. Live a little!"

# JOINT PAINS

"suffered very badly from...rheumatism"  
Can now get about very well

Grand to be about again after being kept to the house with rheumatism and joint pains. That was Mr. J. D. F.'s experience. Read what he says:—

"I suffered very badly from...rheumatism. My late wife gave me a bottle of your pills and ever since then I have been a very great deal better and, whereas I could hardly walk, I can get about very well at 66 years of age."

Signed J. D. F., Ryde, N.S.W.

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.)

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BRIGHT FLOWER-FILLED BORDERS with blossom trees as a background frame the pathway to the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hutchinson, Killara, N.S.W. Pink forget-me-nots, nemophila, peonies, cinerarias, and ranunculi are some of the plants used.

## VIVID BORDERS

For a really gay border display the gardener must know his plants well, and depend not only on the small, colorful species, but also on those that grow taller and more vigorously.

HOW many gardeners remember to include the colorful amaranthus family when building up for masses of gay hues? We see these plants in parks and the grounds of institutions, but why not in the home garden, where more color is so often needed?

Amaranthus salicifolius or fountain plant grows to four or five feet and bears fountain-like plumes of crimson, pink, maroon, yellow, and green. This variety needs plenty of room, good soil, and a warm to rather hot position to produce its best effects.

Another variety suitable for a background position is Amaranthus tricolor.

This lovely plant has crowns of bright ruby-red and leaves of lustrous green heavily splashed with brilliant red and gold. It grows to about 4ft. or higher in very good soil.

There is also Amaranthus Joseph's Coat, which is self-descriptive. It bears rather drooping masses of leaves mottled with red, yellow, gold, green, cream, and pink. This is another tall plant, reaching 5ft. if in good soil.

Sunrise is a variety not so well known, but is another mutation of the same family and has green, yellow, and red foliage.

Distantly related are celosia and the popular cockscomb. Fiery Feather celosia has grown to 5ft. in my garden, where its red and yellow plumes made a beautiful display for months. The cockscombs are suitable only for the middle of the garden bed, as few of them exceed 2ft.

Love-Lies-Bleeding, another member of this family, is

rarely seen today but usually can be obtained from good seedsmen. It grows to 5ft. and bears huge masses of red tongue-like inflorescences, with good, reddish-colored foliage.

The ultra-tidy gardener will probably find that all of the amaranthus family self-sow seed rather too freely for his liking. This can be avoided by removing the seedheads before they start to shed their seed.

Few of the varieties described like transplanting and do best if sown where they are to remain.

Seed is fairly cheap, and it won't matter much if you sow thickly to assure good germination and then thin out the seedlings, wasting a few of them.

Some of the varieties will

### GARDENING

transplant quite well, notably the cockscombs, but most of the others should be sown and left standing.

Cape forget-me-nots are of three types—annual, biennial, and perennial. If you are sowing the annuals in a bed for mixed color, it pays to use them alone instead of interspersing them with plants that won't flower for a year or more.

Anchusa Blue Bird, the annual variety, is indigo-blue in color and is a very useful plant that grows about 16in. high.

Sow Anchusa Blue Bird now and it will flower with the amaranthus in the late summer and early autumn. Like the amaranthus, the anchusa (annuals) need to be sown where they are to remain.

The botanical name of the biennial anchusa is A. capen-

sis and the perennial is A. italica. The perennial is gentian-blue, grows to 5ft. and lasts for years in the garden.

There is still time to get a good aster display. The best splashes of color made by this fine, half-hardy annual are from late sowings, which do not require so much care and coddling as spring sowings.

The aster is really a late summer and autumn flower and will give lavish displays of blooms in white, pink, mauves, reds, purples, and lavenders from late November or December sowings.

Asters are very allergic to wilt, so ask your seedsman for varieties such as Wilt-Resistant Improved Crego, Wilt-Resistant American Beauty, Wilt-Resistant Heart of France, Wilt-Resistant Royal Emperor, and the mammoth peony-flowered types.

There are also the super-giant asters, such as Giant Crego, Californian, Giant Sunshine, Rochester, King Needled, and Quilled. From the 30 or 40 varieties available you'll be sure to get something suitable for the middle of the beds, because some of the varieties grow from 12in. to 3ft.

If building up your border beds from seedlings, which is easier and perhaps more satisfactory to the unskilled gardener at this time of the year, choose Canterbury bells, tall snapdragons for background positions, some of the gaudy gailardias, and a few geums or gerberas.

Accent the beds with patches of snow-on-the-mountain (euphorbia marginata), globe amaranthus, heuchera, and a few of the tall heleniums or rudbeckias for a background.—R. G. Edwards.



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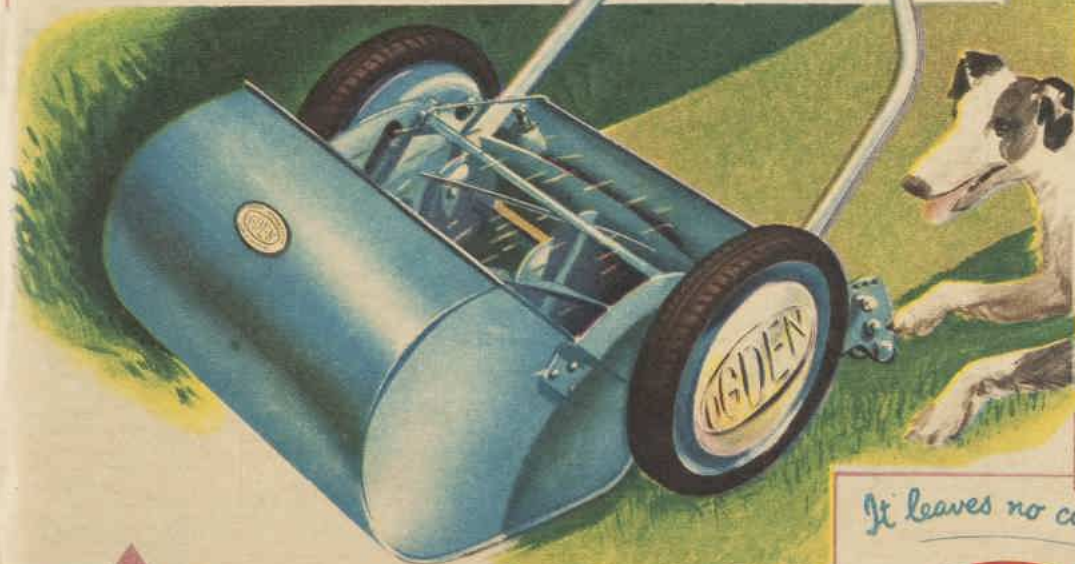


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## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

from page 59

not going to sit back and wait for him to be found. Her first move, he considered, would be to the police. Somehow that had to be avoided.

She was not long. She called a neighbor, a tall, gangling woman, who agreed to close the house and take the cat—whose name turned out to be Mehmet-ah—and who eyed Forsythe curiously, and, shortly after, she appeared with a small, old-fashioned bag and got into the car.

There was no sign of Martha Simmons on the way back. What had she wanted in Danbury? he wondered. Had she, like himself, hoped Eliza Warrington could tell her something? And seeing his car, had she waited to see her until he was gone?

It looked as though she was as puzzled as he was. In her off-hand way he had thought she liked Anne, or at least admired her. Also, the loss of the programme would be a grave matter to her.

He drove back to town at a more deliberate pace. Both of them were largely silent, Eliza was sitting staring ahead, her jaw set and her eyes cold.

"Have you any plans when we reach town?" he asked.

"I can go to Anne's apartment, can't I?"

"I'm afraid not. The police have closed and locked it." For the first time she looked uncertain, and he pressed his advantage. "I live with my sister," he said. "We still have the family house. I'm sure she would like to have you."

She agreed rather unwillingly. "I suppose it would be all right if she'll let me pay my board," she said, and fell silent again until they were almost in Manhattan. Then out of a clear sky she asked, "Where was he shot? What part of him?"

"In the back of the head," he said uneasily.

She nodded. "Anne never handled a gun, to my knowledge, but she certainly hit a bull's-eye that time."

"Now, listen, Miss Warrington," he protested, "if you go to the police with that idea in your mind, you may cause her to be convicted. And don't worry; they're smart. They'll get it out of you sooner or later."

Suddenly, and to his surprise, he saw she was crying. Tears were rolling down her soft, elderly cheeks, and she fumbled in her bag for a handkerchief.

"Billy's such a baby," she moaned. "He was fixing those soldiers on the window-sill only yesterday, before his father came. Now where is he? How is he?" Along with the handkerchief, she had pulled a snapshot from her purse. She held it out to him. "Look at him," she said. "Think—if he was your own boy!"

He slowed the car and took the picture. It showed a blond youngster with feet apart and confident long-lashed eyes staring into the camera, and a wave of sympathy and understanding fairly shook him.

"I'm sorry, believe me," he said grimly. "So far, he's been only a name to me. Now, of course—we'll find him, Miss Warrington. Just remember,

with Collier dead, nobody gains by hurting the boy."

"Then you'll tell the police?"

"I don't know what else I can do."

He was quiet after that. He knew what Anne's choice would be between herself and her boy. Nevertheless, he had a hideous feeling that he was somehow selling her out by providing the one motive Close lacked. If Collier had stolen and hidden the boy, she might easily have killed him.

At her insistence, Forsythe took Eliza Warrington to the hospital as soon as they reached town. He had small hope she could see Anne, but he miscalculated her indomitability.

A half-hour later she marched out, her head high and her face set, and crawled into the car.

"She's asleep," she said briefly. "She looks dreadful."

"You mean you saw her?" he asked, his voice incredulous.

"Do you think any policeman in the world was going to keep me out of that room?" she demanded furiously. "I just told him to get out of my way, and he did!"

He found himself smiling. The style of her speaking and the ferocity of her expression were totally unlike the tranquil little woman of a few hours before.

"I saw the doctor, too," she went on. "She's got a fair chance. But she's a very sick girl. Mr. Forsythe, I brought her up. She's like one of my own, and to see a policeman outside her door—"

Her voice broke, but she did not cry again. She was tragically calm and competent when he took her home. And Margery, after a glance at his face, made her warmly welcome.

"Miss Warrington is Mrs. Collier's aunt," he explained. "I didn't think she'd want to go to a hotel."

"I should think not!" Margery said briskly. "All those reporters and cameramen! You just stay quietly here and nobody will bother you."

Later on, with Eliza tucked in bed and a light tray supper beside her, he told Margery the story of the missing child. She was appalled.

"You need the F.B.I.," she said. "After all, he probably took him over the State line."

"The boy was his own son, Margery."

"Then the police?"

"And give them a real motive for her killing him?"

It was an impasse, and they both knew it.

"It may not have anything to do with the money and the will at all," he said. "After all, a man like Collier makes enemies all over the place. It may be a gang murder, with Anne seeing who did it and having to be put out of the way."

"You don't believe that, do you?"

"Certainly the police won't. There was the element of trouble already there, Anne threatening a will and cutting out Collier, and Collier learning about the bank account. Because I think he did. From the

agent—the Simmons woman—perhaps."

"Anne may have told him herself. Have you thought of that?"

"It wouldn't lead to a double shooting. Why should it? Oh," he exploded, "if I could only talk to her! Learn what really happened!"

And then, to his surprise, the telephone rang and Close was on the wire.

"Forsythe?" he asked. "Glad you're in. Want to come to the hospital? The girl's conscious. We've got her in a private room. You can have ten minutes, the doc says. She won't talk to me. She wants you."

He never forgot that night: the frantic drive to the hospital, Close waiting to take him upstairs, and the group of men standing outside the door, an inspector of the Homicide Squad, an assistant district attorney, and, to his surprise, the commissioner of police.

The same doctor he had seen before was there, too, looking disapproving. It was the doctor who spoke then, to the group.

"I have told you gentlemen," he said, "that you cannot all go into the room. She's a sick girl, and I can't permit any excitement."

"Look, doctor," the commissioner said, "this is a murder case. If she's going to make a deposition, we want to take it down."

The doctor stiffened. "Nobody's going to tell her she's about to die," he said firmly. "You'd have to tell her that, wouldn't you, before she makes a statement? Well, I won't have it. She isn't dying."

"So Forsythe goes in alone?"

"He can take one man. Fix it up among yourselves. You can have ten minutes. That's all."

There was no argument. Close followed Forsythe into the room, but remained in the background while Forsythe went to the bed. At first he thought she was asleep. She was lying flat in the bed, with no pillow under her head, and her eyes were closed. When he reached her, however, she opened them. She did not speak, but she put out a hand and he held it as he sat down beside her.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said awkwardly. "You'll be all right, you know. This is the worst day."

"Billy," she said feebly, "Little Bill. Is he all right?"

He was caught off guard with the question, afraid his face would betray him, but he managed to smile.

"Of course he's all right," he said with affected heartiness. "What did you expect? Your aunt's here."

He could see her visibly relax. She closed her eyes again, but she left her hand in his. It was then that Close took over. He moved to the other side of the bed and stood looking down at her.

"Tell me, Mrs. Collier," he said quietly, "you knew your husband had a gun?"

She nodded weakly.

Close went on, speaking very

To page 64

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



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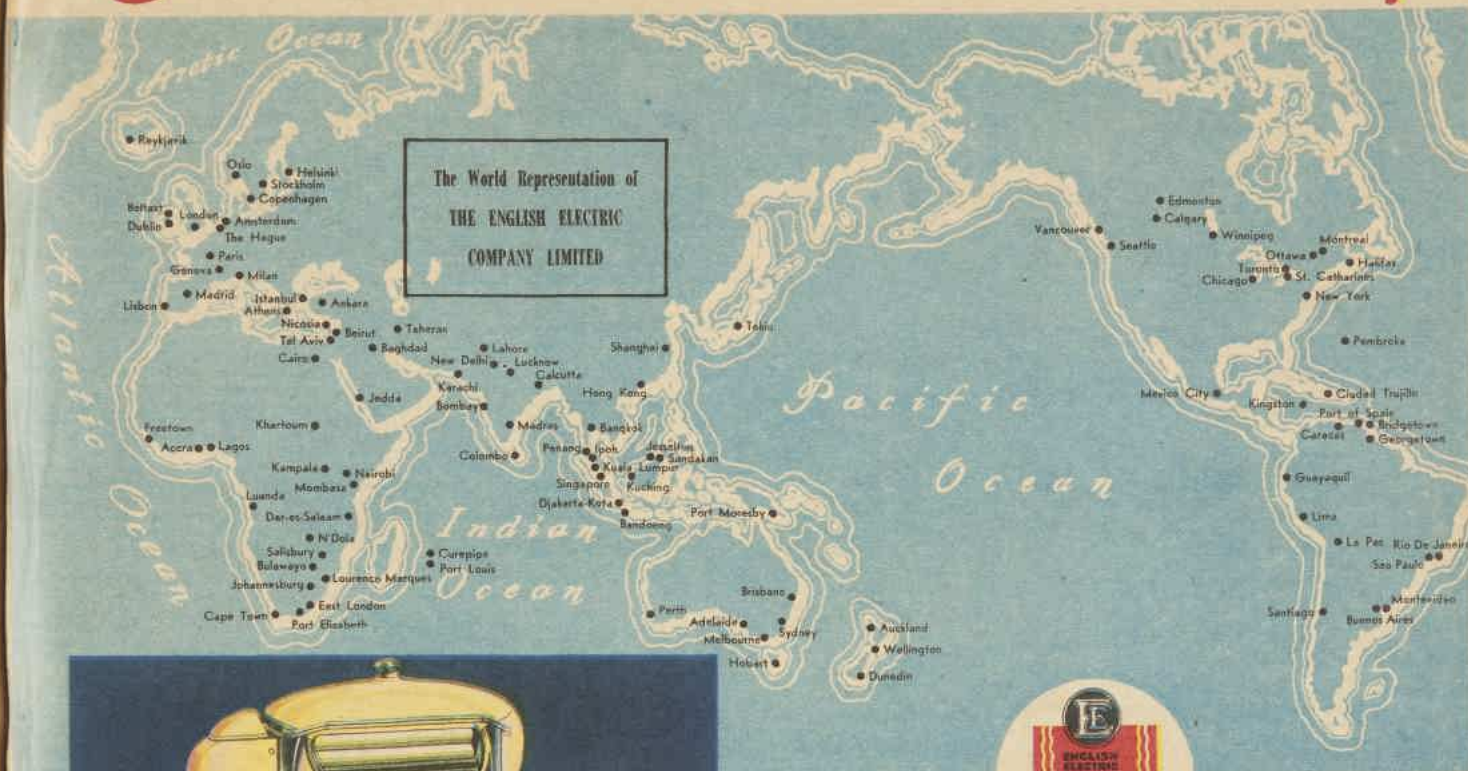
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deliberately: "Where did he keep the gun? Do you know?"

"On his closet shelf, so the boy couldn't get it."

"But you knew it was there. Now when did you see it again?"

"I hadn't seen it for a long time. I don't know exactly."

"What about the wire on the stairs? Do you think your husband put it there?"

"She frowned. 'Wire? What wire?'"

"Don't you know why you fell that night?"

"I stumbled. I must have."

"Close looked impatient. Time was running out and he seemed to be getting nowhere. His voice was cold now."

"I'll tell you how I see it," he said. "You hated Collier. Last night he may have threatened you. He did something, anyhow, so you got the gun and shot him. Then you realised what you'd done, so you tried to kill yourself."

"Not!" she gasped. "Never! I didn't shoot him. I didn't shoot myself. You must believe me, You must."

Forsythe shot to his feet, overturning his chair. "Stop it!" he said violently. "Do you want to kill her? Nobody agreed to a third degree in here! You can't bully her while I'm here!"

"All right," Close said with surprising mildness. "Keep your shirt on."

He sat down, and Forsythe bent over the bed.

"Listen, darling," he said. "Just tell what you remember. I know you didn't do any of those things. Take it easy and try."

She nodded and closed her eyes. "I don't really know what happened," she said in a low voice. "I didn't see anything. I was in the kitchen beating some milk when I heard a shot. I ran back to the sitting-room and Fred was on the floor. I didn't hear the other shot at all, the one that hit me. Is he—Fred dead?"

"I'm sorry, darling. I'm afraid he is."

That was all. The doctor came in and sent them out, to face a disgusted group in the hall.

"So that's her story!" Close

## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

from page 62

said sourly. "She didn't do it! Nobody did it!"

"Why don't you try believing what you hear?" Forsythe demanded hotly. "Maybe you didn't notice, but the first thing she asked was about her boy. She's crazy about him. Would she try to kill herself and leave him? And get this," he added.

"She doesn't know it, but her boy's missing. Fred Collier abducted him yesterday and hid him somewhere. Goodness knows where he is."

"How do you know that?"

"Come to my house and see the aunt he was staying with in Danbury. She'll tell you. And if you fellows don't find him soon, I'll get the F.B.I. on it. Maybe a man can't kidnap his own son, but he can't take him from his proper custodian, and Eliza Warrington was that."

"So that's why Collier's wife killed him!" Close said. "What do you know? A real motive after all."

At ten o'clock, a police car stopped in front of the apartment house, and two detectives, with Close and Forsythe, got out.

No one answered the superintendent's bell, but the Kerrs' lights were on, and Close rang for them.

Inside the apartment Kerr had been playing solitaire in the living-room. He looked annoyed at the intrusion, although he was civil enough.

"What's it about now?" he asked. "Just because we happen to live here is no reason why you fellows are on our heels."

Close ignored this. He got out his notebook and glanced at it.

"Name's Joseph H. Kerr," he said. "Occupation: teller in the Enterprise Bank. That right?"

"Sure," Kerr said nastily. "Age thirty-eight, white, weight one fifty-five."

"All right, Mr. Kerr. No need to be unpleasant. Do you know the Collier's boy?"

"Billy? Sure I know him. Nice kid."

"When did you see him last?"

Kerr was thoughtful. "A couple of months ago, I guess." He looked at his wife. "That correct?"

"About that," she corroborated. "Collier beat him with a strap one night, and his wife

group was gathered about her bed, listening to her story. At the end, however, she said what Forsythe had been afraid she would.

"He stole Billy and hid him," she said. "And Anne wasn't one to take a thing like that lying down."

"So you think she shot him?" Close asked.

"I know I would myself, if I'd been in her place," Eliza said defiantly.

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"Billy? Sure I know him. Nice kid."

"When did you see him last?"

Kerr was thoughtful. "A couple of months ago, I guess." He looked at his wife. "That correct?"

"About that," she corroborated. "Collier beat him with a strap one night, and his wife

took the boy away the next day. At least that's what Hellinger says."

"Where is Hellinger? He doesn't answer the bell."

They laughed. "He's out more often than he's in," Mrs. Kerr said. "I haven't seen him all day. Joe went down a while ago and put some coal on the furnace. We were freezing. But that's not unusual."

They got an equally indifferent result from the third floor. Mr. Jamison, dressed, but still limping, had never seen Billy and didn't even know the Colliers had a child.

As the group gathered on the pavement before dispersing, it was increasingly clear that Collier had hidden the boy somewhere, and Close stuck to the belief it was the reason Anne had killed him.

"Why?" Forsythe demanded. "With him dead he couldn't tell her where the child was."

"How do you know he didn't tell her?"

"Oh, for Pete's sake! Of all the adleptated remarks I ever heard! If she knew, she'd have been wild to get the boy back. You saw her. She doesn't know he's gone."

Nevertheless, the boy was missing, and the vast resources of the city were set in motion that Saturday night. Armed with the snapshot from Eliza's purse, they sent out a description of him to the State police, to city precinct stationhouses, to squad cars.

To Forsythe that Sunday was endless. Anne Collier had developed a temperature, so no one was allowed to see her.

Pacing the floor of the long living-room, Forsythe tried to solve the puzzle.

Why had Collier taken the boy and hidden him? What had he to gain? As a lever against Anne, to force her to do something? To make her draw out the money in the bank or some part of it? That would imply he knew about it, not only that it existed, but possibly the amount.

The bank would not have



"Perhaps Fred would like a little more coffee, honey."

given out information of the sort to Collier, but the Simmons woman might. Under duress, - perhaps, or because there was an unholy alliance between them.

He did not think this last was possible. She had been too outspoken about Collier. She might, however, have known about the boy. He remembered the day before, when her small car had trailed him to Danbury.

Suppose Collier had threatened to steal Billy, and told her about it? What would be her first step when she learned Collier had been killed? To learn if the boy was all right, he thought, and he wondered if she had been in the neighborhood when he and Eliza left without the child. She would know then, he thought. She might have been pretty desperate as she drove back to the city.

He needed to see her, he realised, but only her office was listed in the telephone book. It did not answer when he called.

There was no news whatever from the police. Close was not in his office, and at noon Forsythe took a cab and went to Centre Street. There was a sort of Sunday calm there after the usual Saturday night activities, but Missing Persons was apparently busy.

When at last he contacted a tired-looking officer behind a

desk there, he got less than no satisfaction.

"The Collier boy," the officer said. "Well, we're on it, of course. But this is Sunday. People hole up today. Even the kids aren't out much; no school, of course. Then, too, you have to remember he may never have reached town. According to the Auto Squad people, Collier may have had connections anywhere from here to Danbury or elsewhere. He may have left him anywhere. Provided, of course, he didn't do away with him entirely."

Late in the afternoon Forsythe went out, walking without purpose until he found himself near the Collier apartment. He was totally unaware that he was being followed by a small, inconspicuous man who lost himself, when necessary, in the Sunday crowds.

As for Forsythe himself, he had become increasingly important to locate Martha Simmons and learn what she knew. Surely Anne would have had her home address. Not where Collier could find it, but she would have had it. She had to arrange those extraordinary meetings in the park, for one thing.

No one answered the superintendent's bell, however, and he was standing uncertainly in

To page 65

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the foyer when Mrs. Kerr arrived. She was dressed for Sunday, looking quite pretty. She was startled when she saw him.

"Don't tell me!" she said. "Police again."

"I'm not a policeman, Mrs. Kerr. I'm only Mrs. Collier's lawyer. I'd like to get something from her apartment."

"All right by me." She smiled at him. "Only my key won't fit. I suppose Mike's out as usual?"

"He doesn't answer his bell. I can at least go up and try," he said doubtfully. "If not, I can use the fire escape."

This seemed to amuse her, but she sobered quickly.

"Any news about Billy?" she asked. "It doesn't seem possible, does it?"

"No. I don't think he's been located yet. I hope they find him."

She watched him part way up the stairs, then disappeared into her own apartment. Forsythe had not much hope as he reached the second-floor landing. To his amazement, however, the door was slightly open, and although the apartment was dark, there was a faint sound coming from one of the rooms.

His first thought, like Mrs. Kerr's, was of the police. The movements, however, were stealthy, like someone moving cloth for some purpose, and he reached over and switched on a ceiling light. He heard a muttered exclamation, and a man appeared in the doorway.

He did not recognise him at once, without the usual old grey sweater and nondescript pants. But it was Hellinger—a Hellinger almost collapsing with terror when he saw him, and then ready for fight. Forsythe eyed him warily.

"I'd advise against it, Mike," he said. "That's the boy's room, isn't it? What were you doing there?"

Hellinger had recovered somewhat. He unclenched his fists. "Locking the windows," he said. "That one opens on the fire escape. Been some thieves around the neighborhood lately."

"Not taking anything yourself, for instance?"

## Continuing . . . The Frightened Wife

from page 64

"What's there to take in a kid's room?" he blustered. "Expect me to go around beating a drum?" But he was still worried, his color still bad.

"I've been thinking quite a lot about you, Mike," Forsythe said easily. "You may like to know Mrs. Collier's conscious. She didn't shoot her husband, and so far as she knows, it might have been you."

Hellinger was plainly staggered. "She can't say that! I swear, Mr. Forsythe, I don't even own a gun!"

"It was Collier's gun. You have a key to the flat, so maybe you just stepped in there one day and took it."

All the fight was gone out of Hellinger by that time. He gave Forsythe a sickly grin.

"Kidding me, aren't you?" he muttered. "She couldn't have seen me because I wasn't here. Ask Jamison, upstairs. He knows. He saw me come in that night."

Forsythe let him go then. He more or less slunk out of the apartment, while down on the street the anonymous gentleman took up his post across the way and watched with interest the light on the second floor.

The place was much as Forsythe had last seen it. Through the door into the kitchen he could see the saucepan on the stove and the glass still on the table. As he expected, Anne's neatly typed desk offered only a list, carefully typed, of grocer, butcher, and so on.

Nor did the two bedrooms offer anything, although he searched them thoroughly.

It was in the third one that he found Martha's home address. The room had evidently been the boy's, and it was there Hellinger had been. There was no sign of any disturbance, however, and, as the superintendent claimed, the fire escape was outside the window. Forsythe had not noticed it before. In fact, he knew little about the apartment.

The room itself was quite small, and in the closet on a shelf was Anne's typewriter,

hidden, along with stacks of yellow and white paper, behind a row of toys. Beside it was a notebook filled with seemingly unimportant data. But the address was there. All that was given were the initials M.S. and a street near Washington Square. Oddly enough, there was no telephone number.

About to put the lights out, he noticed the bed. It had been hastily thrown together, as though someone had searched it and only carelessly straightened the covers. He wondered if Hellinger had done it, but when he went downstairs again the superintendent was gone.

NOW, Forsythe decided, the thing was to see Martha Simmons. The very fact that she had followed him to Danbury connected her with the case. But how? He had seen the bank's deposit receipts. They were clearly genuine enough. Was there, he wondered, any other way she could get her hands on the money?

It was seven o'clock when he took a taxi to her address. It proved to be a respectable-looking boardinghouse, and it was the landlady herself who answered the bell. She seemed anxious when he asked for Martha Simmons.

"She's not in," she said suspiciously. "Anything I can do for you?"

"Have you any idea where I can reach her?" he inquired.

She looked about her. There was a nondescript-looking man on the pavement who had stopped to light a cigarette, and she lowered her voice.

"Do you mind coming in?" she said. "I'm Mrs. Hicks, and some of my ladies are playing cards in the parlor. If you don't mind the dining-room—"

He said the dining-room was fine, and found himself in a long room, with the table already laid for breakfast, and Mrs. Hicks sitting across from

him. He gave her his card, which she inspected carefully.

"A lawyer?" she said. "She isn't in any sort of trouble, is she?"

"Not so far as I know. Just when did she go out?"

"She left about eleven this morning. I thought maybe she'd taken her car and gone somewhere, but the garage says it's still there."

"I'm sure she's all right, Mrs. Hicks."

"You never know, these days the way taxis shoot along the streets—Or maybe she's sick in that office of hers. She seemed upset lately. Maybe she had a quarrel with her gentleman friend. I wouldn't know. But she'd been crying this morning while she packed for her vacation. It was no way to feel about a holiday."

"She expected to leave soon?"

"Tomorrow. Maybe she was going to be married. I don't know. She was no talker. All she said was she wouldn't be coming back."

"This—gentleman friend," Forsythe said. "Do you know him? I might need to get in touch with him."

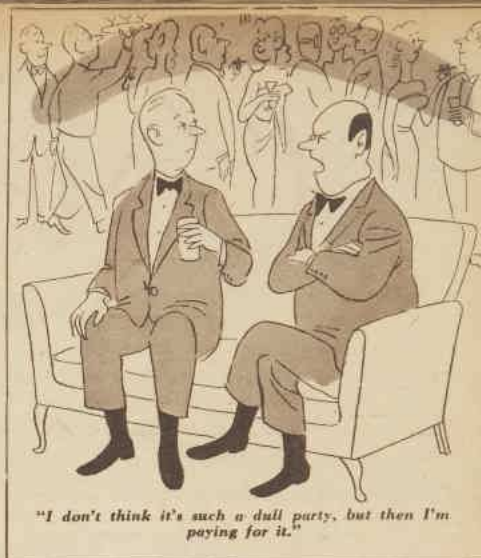
"I understand he was a broker, but I never saw him," she said tartly. "Mighty careful about that, she was. I asked her once if he had a wooden leg, and she nearly slapped me. The way it was, she'd pick him up in her car and drop him before she came home."

Forsythe got up. "You don't think she's at her office?" he asked.

"On a Sunday? I wouldn't think so," Mrs. Hicks said doubtfully. "There's no programme of hers on the radio today. That's her job, you know. She's an agent."

"So I understand. But I might try her office," Forsythe said. "It's not likely, but if she's there and all right, I'll let you know."

She seemed grateful as he said goodnight and left, but he himself was highly suspicious.



Martha Simmons had said nothing to him about leaving town. What had happened then to change her plans?

Was she afraid? he wondered. Or was she so deeply involved in the Collier case that she was obliged to escape? In other words, had she meant to kill Collier, and only accidentally shot Anne?

At the corner he found a cab and drove without much expectation to the building where she had her office. Rather to his surprise, the watchman inside let him in without protest. Evidently there was a radio or television programme going on in the building, and people were crowding in. But when he reached Martha Simmons' office, it was dark, and there was no movement inside when he rapped. He felt rather silly as a cleaner woman passing him in the hall stopped and eyed him.

"She won't be there," she said. "Never comes at night. Especially Sunday. Not like the rest of the radio crowd. You'd

think I'd get a night off now and then."

She went on, carrying her pail and mop, and Forsythe stood outside the door. Just what impulse made him turn the knob he did not know, but the door swung open into the darkness beyond, and he stepped inside.

When he found the light switch and turned it on, the small anteroom was dark and empty, with the unused look he had noticed before. The private office was dark also, but now that he was there he meant, if possible, to see the files. He found the switch inside the door and went in.

It took only a moment to realise someone had been there before him. The safe and drawers of the steel cases were standing open, and one of the folders lay empty on the desk.

That was when he saw Martha Simmons. She was lying on the floor partly behind the desk, and she was dead.

To be concluded

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## in Pyrex

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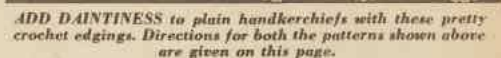
The edgings of fine, lacy crochet add to the attractiveness of gift handkerchiefs.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; s-l, slip stitch; d-c., double cro-

3rd Row: 1 st. into next ch.

4th Row: 1 s.s. into next ch.  
1 s.s. into sp, 7 ch., \* 1 tr.  
into each of next 2 sps., (4 ch.,  
1 tr. into next sp.) twice, 5  
ch., 3 dbl-tr. cluster into next  
sp., 3 ch., a 3 dbl-tr. cluster in-  
to next tr. cluster, 3 ch., a 3  
dbl-tr. cluster into next sp.

5th Row: 1 ss, into next ch., 1 ss, into sp., 1 d-c. into same sp., 1 d-c. between next 2 tr., 1 d-c. into next sp., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next sp., 1 tr., 4 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. between clusters, 1 tr., 4 ch., 1 tr. into sp. between clusters, 1 tr. into next sp., 5 ch., 4 tr. into next sp., 5 ch., 1 d-c. into next sp.; repeat from \* to within first corner, ending with 4 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr. into next sp. (into sp. between clusters work 1 tr., 4 ch., 1 tr.) 4 times, 1 tr. into next sp., 5 ch., 4 tr. into next sp., 5 ch., 1 d-c. into next sp., 1 d-c. between next 2 tr., 1 d-c. into next sp. Continue thus around; join and fasten off.



Join last 1 ch. to 4th of 5 ch.  
**4th Row:** 1 s-s, into next ch. and into next dbl-tr, 6 ch., into same place as last s-s work 1 dbl-tr, 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr, \* 5 ch., miss 1 dbl-tr, 1 d-c into next dbl-tr, 5 ch., miss 1 dbl-tr, into next dbl-tr, work 1 dbl-tr, 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr, 1 ch., 1 dbl-tr, \* 5 ch., miss 1 dbl-tr, 1 d-c into next dbl-tr, (4 ch., miss 1 dbl-tr, 1 d-c into next dbl-tr) 4 times, 5 ch., miss 1 dbl-tr, into next dbl-tr, work 1 dbl-tr, 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr, 1 ch., 1 dbl-tr, repeat from \* all round. Join.

**5th Row:** \* 1 d-c into next sp., 4 ch., 1 d-c into next sp., 4 ch., 1 d-c into each of next 2 loops of 5 ch., (4 ch., 1 d-c into next sp., twice, 4 ch., 1 d-c into next sp., 4 times, 4 ch., repeat from \* all round. Join and fasten off.

<http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4383971>

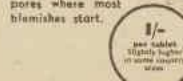


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exclusive peppermint  
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## Continuing . . . Mother's Work

[from page 10]

do our friends. So I've decided from now on to concentrate on the housekeeping, have a little more fun, and let the writing go."

It was said—and by the look in John's eyes he had grasped its full significance. He made no reply, but there fell upon his face a certain careworn look, an expression almost of fright.

He looked indeed like a man who, after comfortably carrying the half of a heavy burden, now suddenly felt himself weighted down with the whole of it.

Had she been too severe? she wondered. But a price had to be paid for the oil that kept the household wheels moving, and it was time they realised they must all share in any inconvenience.

It was at this moment that Sally entered the room. Her usual buoyant manner was gone. She seemed hesitant and all but shy.

"About the dress, Mother . . . You know, the one I told you about in Rose's. It's exactly what I want for this dance and it fits me as if it were made for me. They're keeping it until tomorrow for you to see. I— you think I can have it, don't you? I mean, I want it terribly and . . ." Her voice trailed off anxiously.

"You do need a new dress for this dance, I know. Did you talk it over with Daddy?"

"Oh, I did. Last night. He said it sounded lovely! He was awfully keen for me to have it."

"Did you tell him the price?" Susan asked quietly.

"No. I didn't. But really, Daddy, it's worth it. You can't get evening dresses for less these days—and it is lovely."

John cleared his throat. "How much is it?"

"It's just twelve guineas—and that's not bad, because the material's beautiful and it will wear and wear. You said last night it sounded all right and if it was all right with Mother . . ."

"Well," Susan said cheerfully, beginning to clear the table, "you two talk it over and if Daddy wants to buy it for you, I'll come with you tomorrow and we'll bring it home."

From the kitchen she could hear voices, John's in wild remonstrance, Sally's in anguished amazement.

She kept very busy until Sally came out. Her eyes looked moist.

"He says I can have it this once but never, never, another at that price. I can't imagine what's come over Daddy. He's always so interested in my clothes. He simply yelled about it this time. It's not like him."

"Perhaps he's tired," Susan said. "Let's wash up."

Sally was very quiet as they worked and, like Jack, kept glancing frequently at her mother with a certain puzzled yet distinctly respectful look.

For four long, blissful weeks Susan led the life of the women around her. Her house was immaculate, her mending done promptly, her meals mouth-watering, her social activities diversified.

Since the word had gone round that she was free, invitations poured in. Susan accepted them all, telling herself, perhaps a bit too violently, that this was really the life.

She did extras about the house, too. She made covers for the sitting-room chairs. They turned out well and she felt an inordinate sense of pride and accomplishment.

Why, she wondered, was this feeling more gratifying than if she had earned the money and had the covers made up by a professional? At least it seemed much more economical though there must, she felt, be a flaw in that argument somewhere.

Meanwhile, in the family, she was the only one who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying life. John was very quiet and two deep lines were wearing into his forehead. He had stopped writing about the Elizabethan dramatists and was spending longer hours in college.

There was a new reticence between them, yet he treated her with unusual gentleness, and once in a while she would catch him watching her with that strangely respectful look she had noted in the children's eyes.

At first she felt a quick rush of elation; but as the days passed and something youthful that she loved left John's face, she was disturbed. He had always been younger-looking for his years than the other professors.

Could it be that the age lines in the faces of the other men were caused by the constant attempt to spread a salary farther than it would go? Did it eat into men's hearts to have to deny their daughters pretty dresses and their sons new cars? For now a new car was not spoken of.

At the end of the first month of her emancipation, Susan began to have unaccountable yearnings. She would pause as she passed her study and allow her eyes to rove wistfully over it.

There was her empty chair before the desk; there was her still shrouded typewriter; there was the stack of paper—all now enticingly blank. Once she went in, uncovered the typewriter, made a business of lightly tapping the keys and then covered it again and hurried out of the room.

Her voice began about this time to have a little less zest as she answered the telephone.

"Oh, yes, Jean—how are you? Thursday afternoon? Let me see . . . I'm not sure. Yes—I think I can. Thank you so much."

At the end of six weeks, on a mellow morning, Susan declined two invitations within five minutes of each other and then with a glassy stare in her eyes sat beside the telephone looking into space. Her lips moved with no volition of her own.

"So help me," she muttered slowly, "I will not go to another bridge party. I don't like them. And all this housework is no easy job. I just don't like housework. If I'm queer, I'll have to be queer."

She had really had a plausible excuse to give. The day of both functions would be her birthday. She had always made much of birthdays in the family, even her own.

So for this one she would need time to arrange an especially nice dinner and bake a festive cake. The children always took over the cake with charming zest and secrecy, arranged and lighted the candles, and bore the blazing cake in on the big ancestral tray.

The morning of Susan's birthday dawned clear, crisp, and beautiful. Susan felt unusually well and looked it. She beamed upon her husband and her children as she opened her gifts at breakfast. They were lovely, just what she wanted.

Never had she known a nicer birthday. They smiled back at her fondly but Susan still missed the spontaneous happiness which usually characterised them. John looked worried, Jack looked disappointed, Sally looked as though something had broken in her hands and she was trying patiently to put it together.

Throughout the day Susan worked with a feeling of distinct uplift. She dusted her study and rearranged the articles on the desk, humming a

little song as she did so. She baked the cake, stuffed the chicken, and set the table as it was always set for birthday.

In the evening she changed into her prettiest dress, did her best with the last struggling chrysanthemums for the dining-table, and then settled down to watch over the cooking dinner.

John and the children changed, too, according to custom, and so when they all sat down the occasion took on the grace of a party. Jack seemed a bit nervous, however, and both John and Sally tried hard to make conversation.

When it was time for the cake, Jack and Sally disappeared as usual and John, for some reason, kept looking quite earnestly at the table. There were more than the customary muted sounds from the kitchen.

"Where's the match? Be careful now! Shhhh! You take the cake and I'll take the . . . shh!"

At last they came, Sally bearing the lighted cake, and Jack . . .

Susan gasped. He carried a bunch of red roses; gorgeous, glowing hothouse roses . . . beauties—two dozen of them at least which must, she knew, have been bought at great cost. Jack paused before her. "A little hush! Tell upon the others; it was evident that he was about to make a speech."

"We just want to tell you, Mother, that we really do appreciate all you've done for us through the years with the stories. Dad's talked it over with us and we all feel . . . I mean, we think perhaps we did take it all for granted, you know . . . I mean, we didn't realise how hard you've worked over your stories and how you've denied yourself, and now we're sort of . . . I mean, we've talked it all over and we want you to go on having a nice time as you're doing and we'll be all right . . . I mean, for instance, the car . . . it's not so bad. I mean, it's really not a bad car at all. . . ."

He paused for a fraction of a second, and swallowed. "And what I mean is, we want you to enjoy yourself and go to parties and things from now on, only . . . I mean we want you to know we appreciate all you've done and here are some roses."

Susan grasped the beautiful fragrant flowers while the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, you darlings," she said when she could speak. "Oh, you're so sweet, so dear and I love you so! And don't worry about things. Don't worry, any of you. We'll still get the extras. I'll . . ."

Suddenly she leaned forward, her eyes sparkling, her whole face animated, her lips parted in a more excited smile than she had worn for weeks.

"Listen," she said, "what do you suppose happened yesterday? I was raking leaves when I suddenly had the most marvellous idea for a story. It will make the most wonderful plot! I believe it's the best I've ever thought of and I'm aching to work it out. I can't wait to start. . . ."

She stopped. They were staring at her, amazed, incredulous. Immediately, she realised that she had given herself away. Completely. They knew the truth about her now, even as she knew it.

For another breathless moment she looked from one to the other, then she began to laugh.

With a roar John joined her, and then the children. They laughed and laughed, at her, with her. But oh, it was such tender, such loving, such understanding laughter!

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—November 25, 1953



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lasts a lifetime

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THE BEST SYSTEM IN THE WORLD FOR UNSEWERED AREAS

Continuing . . .

colorful and sweet, like a cherub on a cloud.

Mrs. Baxter, thinking she made a rather lovely picture — one to go to a man's heart, even so scientific a heart as Peter's — lifted the baby and carried him to the cot, rubbing her nose lightly against his cheek as she did so.

Peter regarded her curiously as she returned to the sitting-room. It was one of his probing, analytical looks, the sort that made her feel years younger than she was and girlishly flustered. It was precisely the species of look that made her refer to herself mentally as Mrs. Baxter to bolster her morale.

"Tell me, have you got a dossier on Richard?" he said.

"If you mean did I ask about his habits, yes. You have to mash his green beans into his potatoes and he likes his cereal camouflaged with apricot purée. And he sleeps at one in the afternoon and," she finished triumphantly, "he asks to go to the bathroom, if that is what you had in mind."

That night, Mrs. Baxter began to have a suspicion that she had taken on something of a responsibility. She found herself sitting upright at intervals to listen for Richard's breathing.

Towards dawn she slept, but was awakened very shortly by Peter's nudging elbow. She opened her eyes and was momentarily startled by the sight of Richard's full face rising like a sun over the foot of his cot.

"Isn't he sweet?" said Mrs. Baxter. "He's been awake and hasn't cried at all." She bustled into a dressing-gown. "Richard's going to have orange juice and cereal and toast and milk, isn't he, precious?"

"Bakeyeg," said Richard. "What does that mean?" asked Peter.

Mrs. Baxter looked superior. "Obviously, it means breakfast." Mrs. Baxter seated Richard on two volumes of the encyclopaedia stacked on a chair and bustled about getting breakfast under his interested gaze. She was just turning Peter's bacon when she heard a thump. Richard had fallen off the books.

Mrs. Baxter was applying the flat of a cold silver knife to the rising bump on his forehead when Peter strolled in. His engineering mind took in the situation at a glance.

From a kitchen drawer he produced a length of rope, and tied Richard to the chair. "We can't have Richard sliding under the table at his age," he remarked.

He looked self-congratulatory. Mrs. Baxter suspected he was getting back at her for the bakeyeg translation.

Richard gulped his orange juice, then Mrs. Baxter, as directed, dipped a spoon into his bowl of cereal and with another spoon dribbled apricot upon it. Richard's eyes were on Peter's plate. He pushed the cereal spoon away.

"Bakeyeg," he said, and pointed.

"This is bakeyeg," said Mrs. Baxter.

Peter's eyes lighted with comprehension. "Bakeyeg does not mean breakfast, despite your womanly intuition. It means bacon and eggs."

He held out a sliver of bacon. Richard went after it like a trout after a fly.

"You're a big help," said Mrs. Baxter with asperity. "How do you know he's not allergic to bacon? He's supposed to have cereal."

"Then you shouldn't have served us at the same time," said Peter.

"Look," said Mrs. Baxter, "anybody can make mistakes. If you can't help, don't hinder."

"I think," said Peter slowly, "I am de trop around here. I

## The Bouncing Baby

(from page 13)

will go out and grease the car and later go and collect those records I ordered."

"Don't buy up the music shop," said Mrs. Baxter.

Peter departed huffily, and Mrs. Baxter settled Richard in the middle of the sitting-room. She spread his toys round him and admonished him to be a good boy. He nodded.

At ten o'clock she took him downstairs into the garden. She made the mistake of wearing high-heeled court shoes. Everything potentially homicidal attracted Richard, and at twelve-thirty, her calves twitching with fatigue, she dragged him upstairs to the flat and fed him.

Richard, overcome with sun and air and food, fell asleep over his last spoonful of custard, and Mrs. Baxter gratefully carried him to his cot and dumped him in. Then she lay down on the settee herself.

She was awakened by the doorbell. A total stranger stood there. "Madam," he said, "your baby's hanging out of the window."

Mrs. Baxter ran to the bedroom. Richard was hanging on to the curtains and lurching about on the window-sill. She snatched him down, thanked the stranger, and closed the door.

If Richard were to be returned intact to his parents, he would require constant watching. Mrs. Baxter spent the next three hours constantly watching.

Peter came home at four with only one record, but also with, surprisingly, a book on baby care.

"You don't need a book," Mrs. Baxter said. "You need stamina."

"A book is sometimes written by someone who knows," Peter said urbanely. "Anyhow, I'd like to know what makes Richard tick."

That was just like him. She knew his mind. It had to be informed about everything. He settled down with the book and was off, leaving Mrs. Baxter precisely where she had been — in sole charge of the baby.

An hour later Peter stood in the kitchen door. "Are you aware," he asked, "that two-year-olds sometimes talk in monosyllables?"

"Is that so? Very interesting."

"Sometimes they use only the first syllable of each word. For instance, An Pig. That's you, I take it. Well, it doesn't require much deduction after that to discover that toy does not mean simply toy."

Mrs. Baxter stared at him and started to laugh uproariously, and then stopped herself. There was no point in encouraging that lofty attitude. It was beginning to be more than annoying.

Mrs. Baxter was mashing Richard's green beans into his potatoes when Peter suddenly clapped his hand to his forehead. Mrs. Baxter said, "What is it, Peter, darling?" in an artificially loving voice.

She remembered that children are sensitive to emotional environments, and she did not want Richard to go home with the impression, which he might convey to her charming and potentially best friend, that the Baxters squabbled.

"I ran into Bill Jamieson. They're coming over for cards tonight."

"What's the matter with them?" countered Mrs. Baxter acidly. "Are they stranded? Why are they wasting a Saturday night on us? Now I shall have to change."

"Aren't you supposed to both Richard? The book says you should."

"Richard and I haven't read the book. Anyhow, I'm ex-

hausted. Here — you finish feeding Richard."

Carol wore a dress Mrs. Baxter had not seen before. She looked, as always, as if she had just been unwrapped and set up for display.

Mrs. Baxter could hardly keep her eyes open. She played a miserable game, pulling Peter's score down. Occasionally she felt herself going off in a doze. Suddenly she was jerked awake by a small voice at her elbow.

"An Pig!" said Richard.

"Please, Richard, we've had a big day," Mrs. Baxter said, appealing to his reason as she carried him to his bed.

In two minutes he had returned. He long ago had discovered that cot bars do not make a prison make. He remained at her side, watching the game with seeming intelligence.

"Handsome little tyke," said Bill Jamieson unexpectedly. "Here, let me hold him on my lap while we play. He'll feel sleepy after a while. I remember when I was a youngster and my mother had parties, I'd lie in bed listening to their voices, feeling like an outcast."

Mrs. Baxter stared at him. It was the first non-competitive human statement she ever had heard from him.

"Only child, you know," said Bill, clearing his throat.

Mrs. Baxter continued to stare. She suddenly realised she knew nothing whatever of Carol's and Bill's background. She had accepted them as they were when the first met them a few years ago, both worshippers of money, out for prestige and gloss.

The card game went on with Richard lolling contentedly in Bill's lap. At eleven, Mrs. Baxter suggested they try the cot again, and Bill carried Richard in. As soon as he felt Bill's arms letting go, Richard was on his feet ready to clamber out of the cot again.

"Insomnia," said Bill. "You all go on playing. I'll tell him a story until he falls asleep."

And, to Mrs. Baxter's further astonishment, Bill stretched himself out on the Baxters' bed and began a rambling narrative. The three in the sitting-room could hear his voice and Richard's answering chuckles.

Mrs. Baxter looked at Carol. "I never knew Bill liked children."

Carol concentrated on her cards, but flushed a dull red. Mrs. Baxter dropped the subject.

It was while she was wondering what had caused the blush that Bill came rushing from the bedroom.

"Peggy, Peggy, do something. The kid's choking to death!"

Mrs. Baxter responded by going into a trembling paralysis and was dragged to her feet by Peter, who had gone very white himself. "What shall I do?" asked Mrs. Baxter.

"I didn't reach that part of the book," said Peter helpfully.

While they were standing there dithering, Carol shot past them. By the time their palsied feet had taken them into the bedroom, Carol was holding Richard upside down by his heels and thumping vigorously on his back. Richard suddenly stopped his ghastly wheezing. A sugared almond rolled to the floor.

Mrs. Baxter and Bill and Peter sat down on the bed and looked from Carol to Richard to the almond.

Mrs. Baxter finally fixed her eyes on Carol. Carol looked tousled from the tussle and more unattractive than Mrs. Baxter had ever seen her before.

"How on earth did you know what to do?" Mrs. Baxter marvelled.

"When you're the eldest of eight, you learn," said Carol.

To page 72



# GAS IS BEST

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## Continuing . . . . The Bouncing Baby

abruptly. "We didn't have nursemaids. We didn't, as a matter of fact, have anything."

By the time the Devins' were due to return, the task of looking after Richard seemed to lighten. Mrs. Baxter felt in her bones that she had earned Eve's undying friendship. At ten o'clock on Monday morning the telephone rang. It was Eve.

"Oh, Peggy, we're staying another day. Walter is pushing a big deal through."

Everybody has a big deal, thought Mrs. Baxter. Everybody but us.

"Would it be too much trouble to keep Richard for the extra day?"

"That will be all right, Eve. Take your time." She hung up morosely.

She took Richard into the garden, brought him back, gave him his lunch, and tucked him in for his nap. Half an hour later she tiptoed in, saw his head as a blur upon the pillow, fastened the catch on her wardrobe door, which she carelessly had left undone, and left the room.

At two she went down to the post, leaving the front door unbolted. She looked in again at Richard, saw his blur and took up her book.

Suddenly an eerie sensation began to crawl through her. It was not like Richard to sleep so long. She marked her place with an old envelope, crept into the bedroom, and approached the cot. What had appeared in the gloom to be Richard's head was the rear of a stuffed panda.

"Richard?" said Mrs. Baxter.

She glanced through the sitting-room, which she had just left, hurried a little faster through the dining-room and into the kitchen. Then she went back to the bedroom and

suddenly noticed the unbolted front door.

With her heart tightening, she skimmed down the main stairs to the street, cast a wide look in either direction, and encountered only sunlit emptiness. It seemed incredible that anyone could disappear that fast, but she'd had first-hand experience of Richard's amazing mobility.

"Richard!" she called. Silence answered her.

"Richard!" yelled Mrs. Baxter, and began to run. She ran round the corner and stopped a passer-by.

"Did you see a two-year-old boy," she asked pantingly, "in bare feet and rubber pants and shirt?"

The passer-by had not. Mrs. Baxter circled the block, bawling Richard's name. She attracted a good deal of attention from windows, but she did not attract Richard.

A crowd formed and went into action, while Mrs. Baxter continued running and shrieking and thinking black thoughts, which included a rapid resume of the kinds of suicide from which she would have to choose in case she did not find Richard alive.

Then some sensible soul called the police, and Mrs. Baxter, trembling all over with fear, went upstairs. She grabbed the phone and dialled Peter.

"I've lost the baby!" she shrieked into the mouthpiece.

"Great Scott!" said a voice, which even in her turmoil she recognised as belonging to the boss, Mr. Murdock. Mr. Murdock was accustomed to amble through the labs, and he sometimes forgot his high position and picked up a ringing telephone.

"I didn't even know, Peggy!" he said agitatedly. "Peggy,

listen to me. Get into a horizontal position and raise your feet. I'll get an ambulance and a doctor at once. Peter is out."

Mrs. Baxter covered by the telephone table. Even in her misery she realised that the story would be a succulent morsel in the labs.

"Please tell Bill Jamieson to send Carol," Mrs. Baxter pleaded. "She knows this baby."

And, without further clarification, Mrs. Baxter hung up the telephone and sagged against the wall.

Mrs. Baxter was still clinging to the wall when Carol arrived.

"Sit down," said Carol crisply, "before you fall down. Now, let's use our heads on this."

Mrs. Baxter was long past rational thought. She looked helplessly at Carol and the only thing that pierced her mind was the irrelevant fact that Carol wore no lipstick and that her mouth was much sweeter without it.

"I looked in on him a few times; he was there, only it was the panda," offered Mrs. Baxter.

"Go on. Say whatever comes to your mind."

Nothing else came to Mrs. Baxter's mind, except a dismal picture of herself dead and Peter finished forever in the engineering profession if, indeed, Walter Devins did not first kill him.

"I'll have a look round," said Carol.

Mrs. Baxter remained apathetic in the chair. A kind of merciful anaesthesia began to enfold her. It was almost with

resentment that she was brought back to full consciousness by a shout from Carol. Mrs. Baxter raised her fog-filled head. Carol came through the door, leading Richard.

Mrs. Baxter goggled. "Peggy," said Carol gently, "he was in the wardrobe."

Mrs. Baxter sat up straighter. "Wardrobe?"

"Yes. He was asleep. Apparently you locked him in," Carol suggested.

Mrs. Baxter silently absorbed this, and all at once realised that she had, indeed, fastened her wardrobe door after she thought Richard was asleep.

As the truth slowly percolated, Mrs. Baxter gasped. She rose and flung her arms tightly around Carol's brittle shoulders.

"Oh, what would I have done without you?"

Carol stroked Mrs. Baxter's hand. "You'll learn, both of you, from experience." She smiled a lazy, relaxed, good smile. "By watching me, for example."

Mrs. Baxter's eyebrows shot up.

"I am about to lose this hard-won figure," said Carol. "Bill wants a family. Matter of fact, he insists on a family. Peggy, it's wonderful. . . . I am in love."

She said it as if it were something she had never expected to happen to her. Mrs. Baxter, who had jeopardised Peter's position, if not his life, by her fiery ambition, felt like weeping.

The Baxters and the Jamiesons together awaited Richard's parents on Tuesday evening. There was a new, warm feeling among them.

"Don't tell a soul," said Bill, "but Old Man Murdock is giving your husband a lovely, lovely rise."



"Oh, Peter," said Mrs. Baxter, bewildered. "Whatever for?"

Peter laughed. "He's heard somewhere that having a family these days is expensive. I've explained over and over again that it wasn't our baby you almost lost, but he won't listen."

Walter and Eve arrived to pick up their son. Richard was glad to see them but not ecstatic. He liked the Baxters. He adored the Jamiesons. He had been the centre of attention all round.

Mrs. Baxter turned apologetically to Eve. "Babies are like that," she said in a matronly tone. "They sometimes show more love to those who've had the most recent care of them."

She bent towards Richard. "Now say goodbye to your Aunt

Carol and your Uncle Peter and your Uncle Bill."

"By, An Pig. By, An Car. By Pete."

And, with a courtly turn, he faced Bill Jamieson, and, with a look of utter blandishment, he gabbled some words that very nearly could have been a complete sentence.

It sounded like . . . "Good-bye, Bill, darling."

Mrs. Baxter caught Carol's eye. Carol shrugged. The shrug suggested that Richard was strictly a man's man, but that women had their own satisfactions.

Mrs. Baxter smiled. When a conversation could be carried on by looks and slight gestures, it could mean only one thing—despite the variety of unexpected results of her campaign, she had found a friend.

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## WANT CHILDREN'S CLOTHES TO LAST LONGER?

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"Now take this frock which belonged to my Kath here," said Mrs. Hickey. "Velvet has kept it so strong and new-looking that it can be handed down to my sister's little Carol." "It doesn't look 9 years old, does it, Aunt Jenny?" adds her sister.



Doesn't Baby Bernadette look happy? The reason? Soft, fluffy, Velvet-washed nappies, for one thing. "Honestly, Aunt Jenny, keeping 6 children clothed these days takes some doing," said Mrs. Hickey. "But Velvet helps no end!"



"Aren't they sweet!" smiled Aunt Jenny. "But they'll have their clothes filthy in an hour," answered Mrs. Wilson. "Just as well Velvet saves us work! It cleans the extra-grimy parts without much rubbing—I suppose that's why things last so long."



Take the advice of two mothers who know! Use gentle Velvet for everything you wash. Velvet gives more extra-soapy suds faster and that means less rubbing and longer life to your clothes. Kind to your hands, too.

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# Xmas Cooking

## WITHOUT BUTTER!

Save time, save precious butter this Xmas — make it a Maxam Bakeo Xmas! On this page are some easy, economical, tested Bakeo recipes for Xmas cooking — recipes which have been used by thousands of Australian women for many years past — just you try them!



### Maxam Bakeo Xmas Pudding

(1) Mix together:—1 lb. mixed fruit (2 lb. if desired);  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup brown sugar; pinch salt; good pinch grated nutmeg;  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon carb. soda;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon spice; spirits if desired. (2) Boil mixture and allow to cool. (3) Add 1 tablespoon treacle, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo. (4) Beat till smooth. (5) Place in greased basin and tie greased paper over basin to make airtight. (6) Steam  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hrs. (7) If allowed to stand, reheat for  $\frac{1}{4}$  hr. before serving. Serve with brandy sauce.



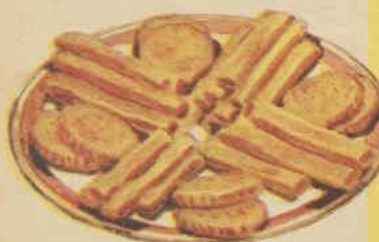
### Maxam Bakeo Xmas Cake

(1) Mix together:—2 lb. mixed fruit; 1 large cup cold water; 1 large cup brown sugar; pinch salt; 1 teaspoon parisian essence (for dark cake);  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon carb. soda. (2) Place in saucepan, boil, simmer for 3 mins. (3) When cool add 4 eggs (well beaten). (4) Add 1 pkt. Maxam Bakeo and mix well. (5) Add one teaspoon mixed spice; walnuts or almonds (in small pieces) to taste; and small wine glass of spirits (if desired). (6) Place in greased and lined cake tin and bake approx.  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours in moderate oven.



### Maxam Bakeo Fruit Mince Pies

(1) Put through mincer:—1 lb. suet; 1 lb. sugar; 2 lb. currants;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. seeded raisins;  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. candy peel;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  lb. apples. (2) Add 1 oz. nutmeg, cinnamon and all spice (mixed together);  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint brandy; juice of 4 lemons, rind of 1 lemon;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, and mix thoroughly. (3) Store in dry airtight jars for few weeks. (4) Make pastry shells with Maxam Bakeo, fill with mince, and bake.



### Maxam Bakeo Cheese Straws

(1) Take one cup of Maxam Bakeo Pastry Mixture and one cup of Maxam Cheese (grated). (2) Mix thoroughly and add pinch of salt, and small quantity of cayenne pepper to taste. (3) Mix in one well beaten egg. (4) Roll out very thin. (5) Cut in straw lengths or biscuit shapes as required and bake in moderate oven five to eight minutes. The biscuit shapes are delicious with savouries served on top.

Make it another

# MAXAM Bakeo

Xmas this year!



For crisp, feather-light pastry, just add water, roll out... and bake!

# Mandrake the Magician

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, with **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are on holiday in the Caribbean. When a man in a locked, windowless room is shot, Mandrake suspects two gamblers of the attempted murder. Mandrake finds a concealed gun belonging to the gamblers in a mouse head in the locked room. The two criminals flee in a plane, but Mandrake prevents their escape and turns them over to the police. **NOW READ ON:**

**ON THE PRACTICE FIELD OF THE TIGERS, A BIG PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL TEAM, A CASUALTY IS REPORTED.**

**OUR STAR FULLBACK! AND THE BIG GAME A WEEK OFF! OH, YOU LUNKHEAD, NOW WHAT'LL WE DO?**

**YOU DID WHAT?**

**SPRAINED MY ANKLE—DOING THE RUMBA LAST NIGHT, IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, COACH.**

**AW—IT WENT OVER THE FENCE. WILL YOU Toss IT BACK?**

**GOOD NIGHT! LOOK AT THAT!**

**GET THE MAN WHO KICKED THAT BALL? I'VE NEVER SEEN A PUNT LIKE THAT IN MY LIFE.**

**YOU DID THAT—WITH YOUR BARE FEET? CAN YOU RUN? HERE, PUT ON THE TIGGS.**

**SURE, ME CAN RUN. ME NO NEED CLOTHES. ME NOT COLD.**

**NEED A MACHINE GUN TO STOP HIM—Umph—**

**ME SEE 'EM DO LIKE THE IN MOVIES.**

**HEY—HE'S A LOCOMOTIVE!**

**JUST THE MAN TO BE OUR FULLBACK! HOW MUCH YOU WANT TO PLAY WITH US?**

**PAY ME—TO PLAY A GAME? THAT SILLY, HO—HO—ME PLAY FOR NOTHING.**

**YOU'VE MISED!**

**A BRICK WALL ON DEFENCE—**

**Umph!**

**A WHIRLWIND ON OFFENCE—**

**LOOK AT HIM GOT NO SHOES—NO SHOULDER PADS—**

**HE'S GOT BUILT-IN SHOULDER PADS—ALL OVER! WOW!**

**TO BE CONTINUED**



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"Grippy" is the only nailbrush guaranteed not to slip from wavy fingers... (curved handle fits firmly over fingers, stays put). It's by Addis—cleans nails quickly and easily. 4/6 at all chemists and stores.



S.O.S.!!

"Compact" toothbrush to the rescue—of teeth that need a refresher after lunch, before a date. Slips easily into handbag, pocket! Case forms a handle, snaps back into place. "Compact" by Addis, is 2/3 everywhere.

BRUSHES by

Addis

TEENA by Addis Terry

TEENA'S SO MAD AT ME FOR GETTING HER INTO THAT OLD WRESTLING THING LAST WEEK—SHE JUST WON'T TALK TO ME. WOULD YOU RING HER UP AND TRY TO GET HER TO LISTEN TO ME?



UH-UH—I MERELY MENTIONED YOU TWO DAYS AGO AND SHE THREW AN ICE CREAM CONE AT ME—BUT—IF I MAY MAKE A SUGGESTION—



ER—AH—EXCUSE ME, SIR—WOULD YOU DO ME A TERRIBLY BIG FAVOR??



MISS TEENA MERRY? YES.

THE MISS TEENA MERRY? YES. I HAVE SOMEONE HERE WHO'S VERY VERY ANXIOUS TO TALK TO YOU.



OKAY, TAKE OVER—

H'LO, TEENA, I—



MANY HOURS LATER



## Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear, or cut out ready to make

"ANN-MARIE"—A pretty one-piece dress featuring a scalloped neckline and pocket and a full skirt. The material is cotton seersucker in white and pastel shades of grey, pink, maize, and blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/9; 36in. and 38in. bust, 58/3. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 36/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/6. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"LILITH"—A neat, form-fitting petticoat slip with a lace trim. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in white, blue, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 27/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 23. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Patterns, 643 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



Ann-Marie



Lilith



First Favourite with housewives for over 60 years!

Philips Lamps were modern even 60 years ago: each succeeding generation has seen new developments, new lamp-making techniques. To-day, money cannot buy better light than PHILIPS lamps give.





**Discover New Health with gentle acting**

# NYAL FIGSEN

**PROMPT NATURAL LAXATIVE ACTION**



Be regular—and keep regular—*naturally* with NYAL Figsen, the gentle-acting, pleasant-tasting laxative. The active ingredient of Figsen is a laxative agent which medical experience has found to be mild, gentle and effective. Figsen won't upset even sensitive stomachs. It acts gently, without pain or griping, to bring prompt, comfortable relief from constipation.

Figsen comes in convenient tablet form—makes it easy to take anywhere, any time. Two strengths—Regular, equally suitable for adults and children; Double Strength for those adults who need a more positive laxative action.

Regular **2/3**  
DOUBLE STRENGTH, 3/6



# NYAL

## Ask for these other NYAL MEDICINES

NYAL Antacid Powder	3/6
NYAL Aspirin-Codaine Tablets	2/-, 3/6
NYAL Corn Remover	2/6
NYAL Earache Drops	2/6
NYAL Emulsified Liquid Paraffin	4/6
NYAL Esterin	3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion (with Plastic Eye Bath)	3/6
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic	5/6
NYAL Camphor Ice	1/6
NYAL Holdrite (Dental Plate Powder)	3/-, 4/6
NYAL Kleenrite (Dental Plate Cleanser)	2/6
NYAL Kwik Tan, Cream	2/6
NYAL Kwik Tan, Sun Oil	3/6

## FIRST AID NEEDS

NYAL Antiseptic Dressing	2/6
NYAL Antiseptic Ointment	2/6
NYAL Sunburn Cream	3/6
NYAL White Liniment	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Zinc Cream	2/6

## BABY NEEDS

NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/6
NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
NYAL Teething Powders	2/6
NYAL Worm Syrup	3/6
NYAL Baby Soap	1/6
NYAL Baby Oil	2/6

## FOR COUGHS, COLDS & 'FLU

NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir	5/6, 9/6
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	3/9, 6/3
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Cough Mixture	4/2
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Quinine 'Flu Mixture	4/6
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup	3/6
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/6
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/6
NYAL Croup Ointment	2/6
NYAL Sore Throat Gargle	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Huskeys	1/8, 2/6
NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets	1/11, 2/9

*Sold by all Chemists*

### Builds Strength and Energy

After the weakening effects of coughs and 'flu, you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, NYAL Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow 'flu. Three sizes: **3/9, 6/3, 7/6**

**NYAL CREOPHOS**



### Soothing Relief for Sore, Inflamed Eyes

Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper. **4/9**

**NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS**



### Stops Chafing!

Nyal Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture, lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes: **2/-, 4/1**

**NYAL BABY POWDER**



### Prevents "Wind" Pains

After each feeding, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is the ideal preventive for "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits, too. Pleasant to take. Pure and safe for even the youngest baby. Sweetened or Regular **2/6, 4/3**

**NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA**

